

EASY VICTORY
FOR LOCALSHopkinsville Wins Debate Over
Madisonville High School
Friday Night.

JUDGES FROM OUT-OF-TOWN.

Six Boys Were Participants in
The Animated Oratorical
Bout.

Hopkinsville High School defeated Madisonville High School in a debate at the courthouse Friday night on the subject "Resolved, That the Standard of American Patriotism has Declined."

Under the rules, Madisonville, being the challenging side, selected the subject and Hopkinsville, having choice of sides, selected the affirmative.

In the order in which they spoke the speakers were:

Affirmative	Negative
Calvin Thompson,	Chas. Bourland,
John Dotson,	Clarence Cliff,
Thomas Roberts,	Fay Townes.

Charles Clark, of the local High School class, presided over the meeting.

The judges were Superintendent Smith, of Clarksville; Superintendent Shipp, of Princeton, and Principal Gifford, of Guthrie.

Individually and as a group the Madisonville boys were outclassed as speakers and in the arguments brought forward. They also found it necessary to refer to their manuscripts frequently, while the Hopkinsville boys knew their speeches perfectly and never once had to be prompted. Of the visitors Mr. Townes bore off the honors. He possesses good speaking ability, has a strong, clear voice and his delivery was good. The locals divided the subject in hand and all acquitted themselves most handsomely. Mr. Thompson took the military feature, John Dotson the political and Thomas Roberts dwelt upon statesmen and heroes whose patriotism illumines the pages of our history. Mr. Roberts has won a medal for oratory and is a graceful, accomplished and forceful speaker, and while all of the boys did well, his speech was the telling argument of his side. The five minute rejoinder of Mr. Thompson, who was entitled to close, was a very creditable summing up of the arguments, and though his opponents sought to interrupt him by questions he proved equal to the emergency.

The judges retired and in a short while returned. Prof. Smith announced the decision in a humorous speech that kept everybody in suspense until the last word. He said the decision was unanimous and that the three judges, acting each independent of the others, had graded the six speeches in the same order.

Paid \$1500

The first compensation claim in connection with the Titanic disaster was made at Liverpool by the bedroom steward's widow in behalf of herself and five children. The company admitted liability and paid \$1,500 into court, the maximum amount for which the company was liable.

Girl Shoe-Shiner.

Miss Evelyn Altafair, is at Meridian, Mass., making a tour around the world shining shoes.

She says that the object is to show that a woman can make her living at any trade a man does.

Miss Altafair has no regular price for a shine, taking what the customer wishes to give her.

Someone has agreed to give her \$500 if she makes her way 8,000 miles, making all her expenses shining shoes.

We are prepared to do all kinds of high-grade job printing. Try us.

MISS STARLING'S LETTER.

Nau, Laos, Feb. 14, 1912 - Via Bangkok. - Owing to my long trip, I have been a little late in writing this letter, but the good wishes are sincere and hearty, though they may be old. Just before leaving Ch'Mai, I got a group picture, taken during the Xmas sports, to send you. I have already received word that my goods have started from Ch'Mai, and hope to find the picture among them. In which case, I shall mail it to you immediately. I am sorry so few of the missionaries are in it, but the picture was taken early, before the others arrived. You will not be interested in the men, except the "head man" who stands 6 ft. 4 in. in his stocking feet, and is very good looking, but played foot ball like a four-year old.

I have found Nau anything but a dull place since coming here. Last Saturday morning we were all invited to the Commissioner's palace to meet Prince Varet and his party. Two pavilions had been erected, one for the ladies of high rank, and the other for the officials. We were seated in order of rank, first the three biggest native princesses, then our missionary ladies, in order of seniority. We were on the front row, and behind us, the "smaller fry." The native skirts over here are much more elaborate than the Ch'Mai skirts, and some of these were more exquisitely embroidered in bright colors than anything I ever saw.

I was disappointed, that my kodak films were in Ch'Mai, as it arrived. First came the ponies, nearly 100, loaded with baggage; next a Shau band beating drums and gongs; then the royal band dressed in red with drums covered with cloth of same color; then the lictors, with their long poles tipped with steel points; then the men carrying the Nau swords, a rich and valuable collection; and last the procession of richly caparisoned elephants, with howdahs on their backs, carrying the royal party.

The prince is a fine looking man of about your age, with iron-grey hair and clipped moustache, he dresses in European clothes, and speaks English. His wife is a good deal younger, and if you can imagine one with short hair that is roached

in front (Siamese style,) a dressing jacket, a loose loin cloth, and yellow shoes and stockings, you have a very good idea of what the princess looked like. When riding horse-back, she wore a brown soft hat, turned up in front, and looked very much like a sack of wool tied on the horse's back. They had their two children with them, a beautiful little girl of ten years and a clubby little boy of four, dressed in a Panama hat, and English clothes.

Monday afternoon, the Palmers served tea for the party. There were about 30 there and we had music for them, Mrs. Palmer at the piano, I with the violin and Mr. Palmer sang. Then our school boys and girls sang for them in English. The porches and main room were decorated in the national colors and flags, and our visitors professed themselves as being much pleased with the entertainment. They left this morning for Bangkok by boat, as the prince wishes to investigate dynamiting the rapids, to make a passage for large boats.

I am here to help Miss Van Vratken in the Girls' School until her furlough, due in about three months. I will then keep house until the return of the Taylors, the last of the year, when I will board with them. I am hoping that Dr. Taylor will visit Gen. Ass'n in Louisville, in which case he will probably come to Hopkinsville. I am writing Mrs. Taylor this mail about it. He is a very fine man, and I am sure you will like him. He is one of the strongest men we have. Two years ago, I was in the same house with them for ten days in Pre, and have a very vivid remembrance of their kindness to me then.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer took me back yesterday evening to see a beautiful tract of land of about 15 acres, on which both the boys' and girls' School buildings are to stand, in fact, the boys have already begun to build, but Dr. Taylor is our "master builder," and we hardly expect much to be done, until his return. The Taylor house stands on the Girls' School compound, and if we ever get two teachers, this will be their house, and the Taylors will build again. The board has already

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE]

BAPTISTS OF
THE SOUTHAssembling in Oklahoma City
For Their Annual
Convention.

MEETING LASTS FIVE DAYS.

Woman's Missionary Union of
the Church Will Also Meet
at the Same Time.

Oklahoma City, Okla., May 13. - The advance guard of the Southern Baptist convention, which will hold its annual session in this city this week, beginning Wednesday and lasting five days, has arrived here and by Wednesday morning between 3,000 and 4,000 delegates probably will have reached the city. In addition to the Southern Baptist Convention the Woman's Missionary Union, one of its auxiliary organizations, will also be in session here at the same time.

President E. C. Dargan, D. D. of Macon, Ga., will preside at the first session.

Wife No. 10.

Little Rock, Ark., May 12 - Samuel J. Killow, of Imboden, has taken his tenth wife. She is Mrs. Frank Crawford. Killow is a Confederate veteran. Five of his wives were divorced from him.

PRESIDENT'S
FINAL STANDIs to be Made in His Home
State During This
Week.

OHIO LOST, LOSES ALL.

Many of His Chief Lieutenants
Feel That the Result Will
Make or Mar Him.

Washington, May 13. - President Taft is in Marietta, Ohio, where today he will begin a final campaign of speech-making in his home state before the presidential primaries there May 21.

Final conferences with Taft leaders in Washington developed that the President will probably attack Colonel Roosevelt along new lines on his Ohio trip. It was said that Mr. Roosevelt's position in the United States steel corporation's absorption of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company would be one of the criticisms by Mr. Taft.

Close friends of the President do not conceal their deep interest in his Ohio trip. On the result of the primaries there, some of them believe, may depend the future course of the President in his fight for re-nomination. Mr. Taft was told on his visit to Ohio last week that he must spend more than a week in active campaigning.

PROF. CLARK
RE-ELECTEDBut Few Changes Made in the
Faculty of the City
Schools.

NO HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.

Superintendent and 30 Teach-
ers Chosen By Board Fri-
day Night.

The Public School Board held its annual meeting for the election of teachers Friday night and re-elected 29 old teachers and two new ones. It was decided to elect two additional teachers, made necessary by the opening of the new high school next fall. One of these was elected and the selection of a man for principal was left open for the present.

Prof. Davis A. Clark, who succeeded Prof. Hamlett as Superintendent in January, was re-elected and Prof. W. E. Gray, who has been acting principal of the High School, was elected to his old place as principal of the Clay Street school, which will have eight grammar grades, an increase of two. Mrs. W. Ray Moss and Miss Lottie McDaniel, principals of the West Side and Virginia schools, were re-elected. The full corps of teachers is as follows:

Davis A. Clark, Supt.
High School Teachers.

Prin.

Miss Julia Arnold,
Mr. H. A. Long,
Mrs. V. E. Watson,
Miss Mary Penn,
Miss Eugenia Rawls,
Miss Virginia Tibbs.

Grade Teachers.

Mrs. W. Ray Moss, Prin.
Miss Elizabeth Smithson,
Miss Gladys Bartley,
Mrs. L. M. Clark,
Miss Bertha Turner,
Miss Nannie Reeder,
Miss Annie May Brasher,
Miss Lalla Dennis,
Miss Lottie McDaniel, Prin.
Miss Ellen Young,
Miss Jean McKee,
Miss Ellen Davison,
Miss Elizabeth Knight,
Mrs. Alex Boulware,
Miss Mary Garnett,
Miss Mary Walker,
Miss Susie Rutherford,
Miss Emily Braden,
Mrs. Mary D. Callis,
Miss Ella Shadoin,
Miss Virgie Nourse,
W. E. Gray, Prin.
Mrs. Mary Soyars Starling,
Miss Marietta Merritt.

The assignment of teachers will be made by Superintendent Clark sometime during the summer.

The new High School will be ready for occupancy by September 1st. The election of the principal for this school will take place in a week or two.

The two new teachers chosen were Mrs. Mary S. Starling and Miss Marietta Merritt, both educated in the schools. Mrs. Starling taught one year several years ago and Miss Merritt has taught extensively in the county schools.

A Card.

What's the matter with J. M. Higgins & Son, the insurance agents. Nothing, but they settle their losses so promptly and satisfactory. I had a total loss of \$500 on my store house and stock of groceries Monday morning about 2:30 o'clock. And I was in their office the same morning before nine o'clock for a settlement. I received an entirely satisfactory settlement and wish to recommend them to the insuring public as being gentlemen that will do the right thing.

JAMES PAYTON.

SUITS! SUITS!

White Wool
Suits,
White and Black
Stripe Suits,

Colored Suits,
Black Suits and
a Big Assortment
Extra Skirts.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEE MY LINE AND GET
MY PRICES BEFORE YOU BUY.

T. M. JONES,

Main Street,

Hopkinsville, Ky.

Banking Facilities

WITH ample working capital, exceptional collection arrangements, and a thoroughly organized office system this bank has the ability and disposition to extend to its customers every facility warranted by safe, conservation banking.

Three per cent interest on Time Certificates of deposit.

BANK OF HOPKINSVILLE

Nat Gaither, President; J. E. McPherson, Cashier;
H. L. McPherson, Asst. Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

HOPKINSVILLE - - - KENTUCKY.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Only National Bank in This Community
Capital.....\$75,000.00
Surplus.....25,000.00
Stockholders' Liability.....75,000.00

ISSUES TRAVELER'S CHECKS GOOD IN ALL PARTS
OF THE WORLD.
HAS A REGULAR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings and Time Deposits

CITY BANK AND TRUST CO.

Capital Stock \$60 000
Surplus - - \$90 000
Total - - \$150,000

Banking,
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With the largest combined Capital and Surplus of any bank in Christian County, and a desire to serve our patrons with the best in banking, we offer exceptional facilities along conservative lines.

W. T. TANDY, President, IRA L. SMITH, Cashier,
JNO. B. TRICE, Vice Pres. J.A. BROWNING, JR., Asst. Cash.

3 PER CENT. INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

GO TO THE OLD RELIABLE
M. D. KELLY

to have your eyes examined and fitted with correct glasses; also your time watch honestly and intelligently repaired. Is always up to date with the best instruments and methods. Over 30 years an optician and jeweler. 25 years a graduate optometrist.

No. 8 North Main Street,
Opp. Court House

The Advertised
Article

Is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith - else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shopworn.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Published Every Other Day.
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
MORNINGS, BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

Entered at the Hopkinsville Postoffice as Second
Class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ONE YEAR.....\$2.00
SIX MONTHS.....1.00
THREE MONTHS......50
SINGLE COPIES......5c

Advertising Rates on Applications
212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

During a thunderstorm at Cairo
lightning struck and set fire to a
saloon.

The House by an overwhelming
vote has decided to abolish the Com-
merce Court.

One thousand deer drowned, is the
estimate of sportsmen in that por-
tion of the St. Francis basin below
Memphis.

Several towns on the slope of the
volcano Colima in Mexico have been
shaken up by an earthquake and 50
persons are reported killed.

Chancellor Allison has knocked
out the Nashville Baseball Club of
the Southern League on its appeal in
the Sunday ball case. He not only
denies the appeal but declares the
charter forfeited by the Sunday
games already played and puts it
out of business, naming a receiver.

That an application will be made
in the near future to throw the city
of Nashville into the hands of a re-
ceiver, because of the open sanction-
ing by the city authorities of the
wholesale lawlessness in the city, is
the well defined rumor current fol-
lowing the drastic action of Chan-
cellor Allison in the baseball case. This
course was adopted in 1869 to get
rid of a corrupt carpetbag govern-
ment.

The court of Appeals has reversed
the lower court in a case from Pen-
dleton and holds that the Burley To-
bacco Society has the right to sell
poor tobacco without the consent
of the county boards and the right
to equalize the prices at which it is
sold so that each pooler will get the
same prices as every other pooler on
the same grades of tobacco. Had
the lower court's decision been af-
firmed it would have practically put
the Burley Society out of business.
As it is the decision, which removes
local control, is liable to create dis-
satisfaction with the society and
lessen its membership and that of
kindred associations.

Telephone Rumors.

Louisville, Ky., May 10.—Rumors
are current in Louisville that the
Cumberland Telephone Company is
shortly to take over the Independ-
ent Home Company here. Engineers
and auditors are busy here. J. D.
Powers, a director of the Home
company, denied today that any deal
is pending for a controlling interest
in the Home.

Flagged Train With Shirt.

Tearing his shirt from his back an
Ohio man flagged a train and saved
it from a wreck, but H. T. Alston,
Raleigh, N. C., once prevented a
wreck with Electric Bitters. "I was
in a terrible plight when I began to
use them," he writes, "my stomach,
head, back and kidneys were all
badly affected and my liver was in
bad condition, but for bottles of
Electric Bitters made me feel like a
new man." A trial will convince
you of their matchless merit for any
stomach, liver or kidney trouble.
Price 50 cents at all drug stores.

Too Busy to Run.

Anne was not very well, and found
walking with her vigorous mother hard
work. Mamma, however, was pressed
for time, and presently hurrying ahead,
called to the struggling, panting little
girl to run. From a little distance be-
hind her came the breathless protest:
"I can't run, mother. You'll just have
to wait for me. I'm so busy walking
that I can't run."

Only A Fire Hero

but the crowd cheered, as, with
burned hands, he held up a small
round box, "Fellows!" he shouted,
"this Bucklen's Arnica Salve I hold,
has everything beat for burns." Right
also for boils, ulcers, sores,
pimples, eczema, cuts, sprains, bru-
ses. Surest pile cure. It subdues
inflammation, kills pain. Only 25
c. a tin. Tell your neighbor, send it to the absent ones and distant
friends. It's like a daily letter from home.

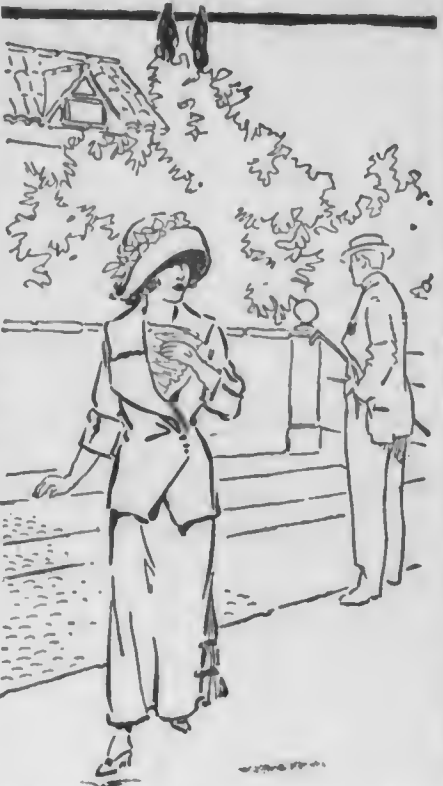
Love's Rude Awakening

When Daisy Grace McGuire had
passed her fifteenth birthday she felt
that, after the manner of certain
golden-haired, azure-eyed heroines,
whose marvelous, paper-covered car-
eers she had pursued with breathless
interest, the time was drawing near
when she must surely "meet her
fate."

If Daisy Grace had been a normal,
everyday, outdoor girl, she never
would have stopped to consider
whether or not there was any such
thing as "meeting her fate." But
for the last two years Daisy Grace
had assiduously cultivated the soci-
ety of "Bonnybel, the Beautiful Mill
Hand," "Dimpled Dotty, the Deputy's
Darling," and countless other
ill-starred damsels, who had been,
figuratively speaking, knocked down
and sat upon by that same relentless
fate.

Therefore she felt that somewhere
in the wide, wide world the sad
sweetness of "a love more bitter than
death" awaited her. She felt that
she would dare all "for love's dear
sake," and she longed for the day to
come when she should "read life's
meaning" in her lover's eyes.

But of all the paper-novel heroines
beloved by Daisy Grace, Claribel
ranked first. She had made Claribel's
acquaintance in the first novel
she had ever read, and neither Bon-
nybel nor Dimpled Dotty, nor any



He Neither Spoke Nor Hurried After
Her.

of her kind, could dim the luster of
"Little Claribel, the Sweetheart of
a Noble Lord," or arouse quite the
same admiration in the youthful
breast of Daisy Grace.

In fact, after weeping over the
woes of the unfortunate Claribel,
she ceased to be Daisy Grace, became
Claribel Marchmont, and went to
school consciously smoothing her
curls and wondering if it were pos-
sible that any of the A class boys
could be her "fate."

Before dismissal that night, how-
ever, she had reluctantly admitted
to herself that the A class boys were
not in the least "fateful" and she
had consoled herself with the thought
that possibly her "life's star" might
be waiting for her outside. He did
not materialize either that day or
the next. Yet Daisy Grace never for
a moment doubted his coming, and
read and reread Little Claribel until
she had a far more comprehensive
idea of her idol's moods and ten-
sions than she had of her lessons. But
as she grew in knowledge of "white-hot
flames of passionate pain," "souls
that awaken at love's call," and
"strangers today, but lovers tomor-
row," her inclination for study de-
clined and at fifteen she was consid-
ered the dullest girl in her class.

That fact, however, did not worry
Daisy Grace. She had matters of
greater importance to consider. Her
skirts had been lengthened and she
now rolled her hair in a soft knot at
the back of her neck. She was a
little girl no longer; Claribel had
just passed her fifteenth birthday
when she had eloped with the "noble
lord." Yes; it was time for Daisy
Grace's destiny, too, to be fulfilled.

The first time she saw him he was
standing on the corner below the
high school waiting for a car. He
was very tall and very noble. He
was in thought.

and mouth. He looked down at
Daisy Grace with a grave, penetra-
ting gaze and her foolish little heart
pounded like a triphammer, as she
gave him one long, shy glance from
her blue eyes. Then her lashes
dropped in the most approved Clar-
ibel manner, for had she not earnestly
practiced this preliminary before
her mirror against the time of her
need? Then she walked slowly on.

To her intense disappointment, he
neither spoke nor hurried after her,
as Claribel's lord had done; but
Daisy comforted herself with the re-
flection that perhaps he had been
"struck dumb at sight of her radi-
ant beauty." She recalled one novel
where some such thing had hap-
pened.

Two days later she again saw him
on the same corner. Daisy Grace
passed by in a flutter. This time
she gave him a tiny little smile of
encouragement. He did not return
it, but looked at her so intently that,
according to Claribel, "she felt her-
self being drawn toward him on
love's mysterious tide." Beyond
that one look, he made no sign, and,
somewhat anxious, Daisy Grace hur-
ried home to consult Claribel.

She found that "he could not yet
realize the glory of his new-found
love," and this explanation did
much to comfort her.

It was a week before she saw her
idol again. The car had stopped at
the corner and he and another man
were just boarding it. Daisy Grace
was desperate. If he did not know
where she lived or anything about
her, how could he "pour out his
heart to her?" She had ten
cents in her little chain purse. Quick
as a flash she ran up the car steps
after him, and sank into the seat
behind him, just as the conductor
rang the bell. He had not seen her,
and was talking busily to the other
man. Daisy Grace strained her ears
to hear his beloved voice.

"I tell you, Walters," said her
unadorned, "I think the way some
mothers bring up their girls is an
outrage. Why, some of these little
fifteen-year-old girls have no sense
of modesty. Twice while I've stood
on the corner waiting for a car a for-
ward little miss has deliberately tried
to attract my attention. If I
thought that my daughter would ever
do any such thing, I believe I'd lock
her up on bread and water until she
came to her senses."

"And you'd be justified," was the
answer. "A whole lot of these brazen
youngsters ought to be severely
disciplined and taught the rudiments
of modesty and self-respect. This
girl you speak of is a fair ex-
ample."

But Daisy Grace waited to hear
no more. Like a flash she slid out
of her seat and reached the door, un-
seen by the two men.

Choking down her sobs, she rushed
down the steps the instant the car
stopped and set out with all speed
for home.

"Hateful things!" she breathed,
the tears chasing each other down
her rounded cheeks. "I'm not for-
ward. I am modest. I thought he
was my fate. Claribel!"

She stopped short, drew a deep
breath, then said with spiteful em-
phasis: "Claribel makes me sick. I'll
go straight home and tear her all up,
and I shall never read another novel
again as long as I live. Only, I must
say, right now, before I destroy Clar-
ibel forever, that 'tis better to have
loved and lost than never to have
loved at all."—New York Press.

DRAWBACK IN FRIENDSHIP.

"Friends are an expensive luxury;
and when one risks one's capital on
a calling and a mission here in life
one cannot afford to keep them. The
costly thing about keeping friends
does not lie, to be sure, in what one
does for them, but in what, out of
consideration for them, one refrains
from doing. In that way many spir-
itual shoots are dwarfed in one. I
have been through it, and there are,
therefore, many years behind me
in which I did not succeed in becom-
ing myself."—Henrik Ibsen.

TALENT WASTED.

"Our landlady ought certainly to
be in the railroad business. She
would be very popular with the pas-
sengers."
"Why so?"
"She has such a marked ability
for cutting down the fare."

EXPLAINED.

"That man seems to be thinking
all the time of grave matters."
"That's because he's generally
in thought."

PLAN TO FIGHT MOSQUITOES

Colonel Gorgas Devising Improved
Methods of Combating Pest in
Canal Zone.

Soldiers of the regular army who
are in the canal zone or are to go
there for the purpose of defending the
fortifications will be pleased to
know that experiments are going on
now with a kind of fortification that
has to do especially with the health of
that region. Col. William C. Gorgas,
medical corps, U. S. A., chief sani-
tary officer, has worked out a scheme
for a permanent lining of ditches
which will make them proof against
the breeding activities of the mos-
quito. Having found that by con-
trolling the incubation of insects, the
fever situation was always kept in
hand, the zone sanitary department
turned its attention to the ditches
which are so fertile a place for the
production of mosquitoes, and the
idea was hit upon of lining or "forti-
fying" them against the mosquito. So
now there is being tried a Gatun
new scheme for permanent ditch lin-
ing with concrete blocks, made of a
mixture of sand, cement and cinders.
After a while there will be no chance
for the poor mosquito at all in the
zone. The army sanitarians are now
making tests to ascertain the effect
of wind upon the travels of the insect,
both against and with the prevailing
air currents, and it is thought that
approximate or exact data along that
line will have a marked effect upon
the cost of anti-malaria work. No
data are available to show that the
anopheles, or malaria insects, are
blown by the wind or travel with it.—
Army and Navy Journal.

WIGWAM HAS PASSED AWAY

Indians in Canada Now Make Use of
Canvas Tents and Iron
Stoves.

A novelist would find a veritable
mine of data for stories of the severe
life in the woods among any of the
northern Indian tribes. During my
stay among the Montagnais at Lake
St. John two families descended from
their winter hunting grounds to the
post, being forced on the way to boil
their moccasins and pemfries for soup
to avoid starvation. Yet these same
people were strong enough to travel
and attend to the necessities of their
camp. Within five days they returned
again to the forest.

The canvas tents, which have en-
tirely replaced the native birch bark
wigwams, came into general use
about twenty-five years ago. The first
Indians to introduce them set up their
tents and made camp in the space of
an hour without having to cut the
numerous wigwam poles or dig away
the snow underneath, while the old
bark lodge required the snow to be
cleared to the ground on account of
the fire in the center, the whole task
consuming about two and one-half
hours. The box iron stoves heat the
tents very well and consume less
wood than the open fires.—Southern
Workman.

Conquering Smallpox Scourge.

Smallpox is no longer feared by civ-
ilized mankind. This is partly due,
no doubt, to the immunization of the
races through vaccination, and partly
to the better methods of sanitation
and preventive treatment generally.
In the first year of our occupation of
the Philippines, where smallpox was
then an endemic or constant disease,
there were 675 cases among our sol-
diers and 240 deaths. A system of
rigid vaccination was adopted, and in
the last five years there have been
only five cases and not a single death.
The army records in Porto Rico tell
the same story, and seem to prove
beyond question the efficacy of vac-
cination. Dr. S. C. Rockhill of Cin-
cinnati reports that he has had much
success in preventing the pock mark-
ing of the face in smallpox cases by
painting the pustules with a lotion of
nine parts glycerine and one part
iodine. By this treatment also the
patients get over the attack in from
eight to fifteen days. Others prevent
the pitting by keeping the patients in
a room where no light whatever but
red light enters.—Pathfinder.

Manufacture of Maniacs.

At a recent congress of neurology a
paper was read in which the move-
ment by which the growing young
man carcases the first shoots on his
upper lip was labeled moustachio-
somania; the habit of twirling the
cane seen in old drum majors, strep-
sorbomania; that of putting the lit-
tle finger into the ear, otodactyl-
omania. Then we have "stomatodactyl-
omania" who put the finger into the
mouth, "onychophagomania" who
bite their nails, "harmoniolomania"
who drum with their fingers on win-
dow panes or tables and "trepodo-
maniacs" who nervously move their
legs.

Cling to Their Superstition.

The Chinese, like the Indians, have
their medicine men. The medical mis-
sionaries have done an admirable
work in China, and now, albeit as a
last resort, a portion of the 430,000,
000 of population will appeal to them
in preference to the native doctors.
The London Lancet says: "In some
localities the natives may still be
found burning large quantities of gold
and silver paper along with incense
in the hope of averting, for example,
a threatened invasion of their homes
by cholera, plague, or smallpox, or
bring guns and beating cymbals in
order to frighten away the malignant
spirits likely to give rise to mischief."

Mrs. Powell Almost Dead

Dry Ridge, Ky.—"I could hardly
walk across the room," says Mrs.
Lydia Powell, of Dry Ridge, before
I tried Cardui. I was so poorly, I
was almost dead. Now I can walk
four miles and do my work with
much more ease. I praise Cardui
for my wonderful cure." Cardui is
successful in benefiting sick women,
because it is composed of ingredi-
ents, that act specifically on the wo-
manly constitution, relieving head-
ache, backache, irregularity, misery
and distress. Only a good medicine
could show such continual increase
in popularity as Cardui has for the
past 50 years. Try the woman's
tonic.

Spoiled the Water.

Clarksville, Tenn., May 11.—Dan
Gordon, a negro barber, committed
suicide by jumping into a cistern
full of water. He was the prop-
rietor of one of the leading barber
shops in the city.

Porto Rico's New Wonder.

From far away Porto Rico come
reports of a wonderful new discov-
ery that is believed will vastly ben-
efit the people. Ramon T. Marchan,
of Barceloneta, writes: "Dr. King's
New Discovery is doing splendid
work here. It cured me about five
times of terrible coughs and colds,
also my brother of a severe cold in
his chest and more than 20 others,
who used it on my advice. We hope
this great medicine will yet be sold
in every drug store in Porto Rico." For
throat and lung troubles it has
no equal. A trial will convince you
of its merit. 50c and \$1.00. Trial
bottle free. Guaranteed by all
druggists.

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election?

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If you already take The Courier send it to the absent ones or distant
friends. It's like a daily letter from home.

THE "BAND"

MOTION PICTURES. FOUR REELS EVERY DAY
BAND CONCERT EVERY WEEK
A GOOD PLACE TO GO
MATINEE 2 P. M. EVENING 7 P. M.

SUGAR PLUM CENTURIES OLD

It Was Invented by Julius Dragatus, a Roman Baker, in the Year 177 B. C.

Of all candies, perhaps the "sugar plum" boasts the most ancient lineage. It was the invention of one Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, a member of the family of the Fabii.

Dragatus put forth the first specimen of this confection in the year 177 B. C. The bonbons of this variety were called dragati, after their inventor (dragées is French), and their manufacture constituted a monopoly enjoyed exclusively by the Fabian family. Whenever there was a birth or a marriage in that family a great distribution of dragati took place as an evidence of rejoicing. This custom is still retained by certain of the old noble families of Europe.

The pastille is of a far later origin. It was invented and introduced into France by an Italian confectioner, the Florentine Pastilla, a protégé of the Medici. When Maria de Medici married Henry IV of France Pastilla accompanied his royal patron to the French court, where his bonbons soon achieved a tremendous vogue. Everybody ate the Florentine's candies. They were offered in all flavors.

Burnt almonds are a confection of purely French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a French merchant. One day, tradition has it, Marshal Duplessis-Prair sent for Lassagne, the inventor of many toothsome dainties, and bade him concoct a new bonbon. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until he finally hit upon the confection of burnt almonds, which were baptized with the name of the old gourmet, the French for burnt almonds.

PATHOS OF EATING OYSTERS

It Requires Great Moral Courage to Think of Swallowing One of the Bivalves.

To me the practice of devouring any animal life in its entirety is, and always has been, most difficult. The terrible demand of the oyster is that he be swallowed as a unit, with all his hopes, his joys, his sorrows, his love, his fears, and his ears and his tears; the thought is appalling.

I can eat large slices of a cow, and I suppose in a lifetime I have eaten a number of mature oxen, a few calves, a flock of sheep, several lambs, a number of turkeys, a long roost full of hens, a good sized aquarium, a goose or two and some ducks—but I did not swallow any of them whole. I took a slice at a time and enjoyed it, as my appetite is above the average for most dishes.

I don't mind seeing oysters swimming in a savory stew, I like their society and flavor, but it takes all of my moral courage to think of eating one. Every time I get one of the little bivalves before me my eyes magnify him, he grows larger and larger, an emotional imp rises in my throat and I am obliged to content myself with swallowing my emotions instead of swallowing the emotions of the oyster. When I look at the little fellow lying helplessly before me, with his slippery surface and yielding body, I think that should I succeed in swallowing him I might have even more difficulty in retaining him.—Albert Scott Cox in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Spring Showers in Old Garden.

"It is a rare delight to wander in an old garden of a late afternoon just after a shower, when the day has been intensely hot and all Nature has fairly thirsted for rain. The flowers have drooped and the leaves curled for want of moisture. Even the birds have sought shelter from the fierce rays of the sun, when, late in the afternoon, suddenly, almost without warning, the welcome rain descends. A quick shower, soon over; and when the sun comes out clear and bright, all unmindful of the wet, you gather your skirts about you and go into the garden to watch the unfolding of the wilted leaves. You lift here and there a flower-stalk which the rain has beaten down; you wonder where the bees have taken refuge from the sudden downpour; you find one in the deep cup of a lily, another in the depth of a gladiolus blossom; farther on you see a rose which should have been added to your rose jar when you gathered in the morning, and as you grasp and pull it from the stem, you feel that sharp stab of pain that only the sting of a bee can give, which tells you that one has sought shelter in the heart of a rose."—Rebecca B. Simmons in Suburban Life.

Of What Use Are We?

We sometimes wonder of what use we are, and why we are put on earth. One day is added to another and we seem to be no farther advanced on the pathway of our lives. As Mark Twain would have put it, we do not appear to be gaining on the scenery. Yet there is room in the world, and need in the world, for each and every one of us, and therefore, we must keep on going to the end. Emerson has a poem in which the squirrel talks to the mountain says: "If I cannot carry forests on my back neither can you crack a nut." You can do something nobody else can do; namely, live your life. You have your chance, if you will only take it, and I have mine. If we can do nothing else we can at least be some one's friend, and there is nothing that the world more keenly wants and more sorely needs.—Ladies' Home Journal.

C. O. WRIGHT J. C. JOHNSON

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Office, Corner Ninth & Main Streets, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Below we give a few of the many choice bargains on our lists. Property cheerfully shown at any time.

There is no safer or better investment at this time than to put money in Christian county farm lands or Hopkinsville town lots.

Christian County Farm Lands
NO. 1.

261 acres farm 1½ miles east of Thompsonville, splendidly improved, good house 10 rooms, plenty fruit, well watered, 60 acres fine timber, on good highway. Price \$35 per acre. Great bargain.

NO. 2.

75 acres, nicely improved for small place, near Tennessee state line, west of Edgerton, 10 miles from Clarksville, ½ mile from pike, cottage house, good tobacco barn, good cistern, plenty of fruit, good neighborhood, price \$2,000.

NO. 3.

501½ acres, Clarksville pike, 12 miles from town, one of finest farms in Christian county, splendid improvements, water and timber. \$85 per acre.

NO. 5.

860 acres in three adjoining farms consolidated. Will sell separately or as a whole for from \$60 to \$80 per acre. On Clarksville pike, with elegant country home and all modern improvements, including two cottage residences if divided.

NO. 6.

500 acres 2 miles from town on Canton pike, well improved and well watered, will price \$75 as a whole, or will divide into three tracts.

NO. 7.

240 acres on Fairview and Pembroke pike, 3½ miles north of Pembroke and 2½ miles east of Fairview, 60 acres in timber. \$50 an acre.

NO. 8.

94 acres, ½ mile from Clarksville pike, ten miles from town, excellent improvements of all kinds, great chance for an ideal home. \$9,000.

Town Lots

House and lot East 13th St., Hopkinsville, house 6 rooms and two verandas, concrete walk and steps, lot 50x135. Price \$1900.

Bungalow on Hopper Court, brand new, 6 rooms, bath, electric lights.

Cottage on McPherson Ave., 5 rooms, lot 57x175, front and back porches, new house. Possession Dec. 1. Price \$1250.

Cottage on East 12th street, 4 rooms and two porches, water in kitchen. Concrete walks and good stable. Price \$1700.

RESIDENCE BARGAIN

Cottage on Water Street, near 13th, is for sale. House 5 rooms and hall, two verandas. Electric lights and bath. Lot 55 by 147½. Close in.

Call and let us do some business with you.

WRIGHT & JOHNSON.

CREDIT ALL TO BLACK CAT

Partners and Employees of New York Real Estate Firm Have Joined Ranks of Believers.

Never say there is no luck in a black cat. For months a well-known real estate firm in the Fifth Avenue region had been doing just a rent-paying business. Then, one day, a gaunt, rib-showing, dejected black cat paused on the threshold and licked his chops, and looked in.

"Kitty, kitty," said the junior partner. Tom came in. The junior partner sent the office boy to the nearest restaurant to get a saucer of milk. That night Tom curled up on the junior's desk, and next day the latter made a \$400,000 sale.

"Mere accident," said the firm's most expensive salesman. "Pooh! Ridiculous superstition! Here, kitty!" So he won Tom's transitory affections with liver and honeyed words. It got so that he couldn't come in the office without Tom sharpening his claws on the legs of his new \$70 suit. But the high-priced salesman didn't complain. He got his reward, for after a time he made the best sale he'd turned off in a year. The managing partner lined his waste basket with silk and carelessly threw catnip under his desk, and in other fashions shamelessly catered to the sensual appetites of that stray feline. Tom began to observe him on a Monday. Before Saturday of that week the managing partner had sold a summer hotel, which had been a drug on the market for two years. Apart from these sales the general business of the office increased largely from the day of Tom's entrance.

"I've heard that cats would kill a cat," said the managing partner. "But say, is there any danger to dear old Tom if we overfeed him?"—Cincinnati Times Star.

HEARD ONLY CALL OF DUTY

Brave Irish Physician Scorned Danger When Welfare of Patient Was at Stake.

The talk of how Dr. O'Brien of Inismore braved the Atlantic storm to help a sick patient has made all western Ireland ring with his praises.

He received a wire that his services were urgently needed on the island of Inismore, but the storm was raging so fiercely that he had difficulty in finding a crew willing to put to sea. At last he succeeded and the corragh—a small canvas boat—started on its four and a half mile journey through the surging waters that ran with terrific force between Inismore and Inismann.

It was a life and death battle all the way, half the men striving to keep the boat headed across the straits while the rest bailed out the water that was continually shipped. At length Inismore was reached, the patient's life was saved and the return journey began.

By that time a regular hurricane was blowing and several times the doctor and his crew seemed on the point of death when they happened upon some trawlers at anchor, with which they sheltered till a lull in the tempest enabled them to make a dash for the shore.

Something Hubby Didn't Know. Miss Elsie de Wolfe, "America's best dressed woman," was talking about the draped skirts of the new fashions.

"I heard an Easter anecdote the other day about these new skirts," she said.

"A young wife, at the Marlborough-Blenheim at Atlantic City, appeared before her husband in a draped suit of cream colored cloth, ready for the boardwalk's Easter parade.

"How do I look, George?" she said. "Fine."

"But tell me, George, does my skirt hang even all around?"

"Yes," said George, after a close look. "Yes, quite even."

"Oh, dear!" said she, "then I'll have to go upstairs again. These new draped skirts, you know, don't hang right if they hang even."

Woman Doctors in Siberia.

A number of influential Siberians are petitioning the Ministry of Education in St. Petersburg to allow women to be admitted to the medical faculty in the University of Tobolsk. The petitioners point out that there is a wide field for women doctors in Siberia, where it is often difficult for settlers to get medical aid.

There are many Mohammedans in the country, and it is explained that only women doctors can come to their help in illness, as they do not permit men to see their wives and daughters. Many women have entered the medical profession in Russia proper, and there are a great many women practicing dentistry, a department of surgery which does not seem to have attractions for the English woman.

Pros and Cons of Home Work.

Fifty girls in the highest class in a certain English council school on a recent occasion, when the school was thrown open to the inspection of parents, treated the visitors to a spirited debate on the question of compulsory home work. Mothers who accepted an invitation to speak were about equally divided on the subject, and when the motion was put to the whole class twenty-nine voted for obligatory home lessons and fourteen against them. Some of the girls refrained from committing themselves on the question.

A COMMON ERROR

The Same Mistake Is Made By Many Hopkinsville People.

It's a common error To plaster the aching back, To rub with liniments, rheumatic joints.

If the trouble comes from the kidneys.

It's time to use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Here is convincing proof of merit. Monroe Davis, butcher, Earlington, Ky., says: "About two years ago I used four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney trouble and found them very beneficial. For quite awhile I had been afflicted with weak kidneys and my back ached intensely. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended in the papers, I got a supply and their use as directed cured me in a short time. I can highly recommend this remedy."

"When Your Back Is Lame—Remember the Name." Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Davis had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wild Bird Returns to Captivity.

Are birds able to think and remember where they have been well cared for? A gentleman living in Leth is in the habit of feeding the birds which frequent his garden during the winter months. Some time in January, 1911, he enticed a greenfinch to enter a cage and so captured it. It was wearing a ring on its leg marked "Aberdeen University, 7185."

In the following March he set it at liberty, declares a correspondent of The Scotsman. He was much surprised when on January 13, 1912, the bird returned. On his cage being presented to him, the bird hopped contentedly into it and settled comfortably down for the severe season. An examination of the ring left no doubt as to the identity of the bird.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale and sickly. For pure blood, sound digestion, use Burdock Blood Bitters. \$1.00 at all stores.

As He Understood It.

A Portobello (Scotland) schoolboy has produced the champion bowler of the season. The passage for paraphrase was from Kingsley: "For men must work and women must weep, though storms be sudden and waters deep, and the harbor bar be moaning." "Men and women," said the youngster, "must keep on working though the inn at the harbor is groaning for its customers."

"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. It has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

Appendix a Waste Basket.

One of New York's biggest scientific surgical choppers has often found toothbrush bristles in a patient's appendix. Two hours after midnight yesterday he operated on a man almost at the point of death, taking out the appendix, which was as big as a deerfoot sausage. In it was a pin all crusted over. For some people the appendix seems to be a waste basket palm!

For any itching skin trouble, piles, eczema, salt rheum, hives, itch, scald head, herpes, scabies. Doan's Ointment is highly recommended. 50c a box at all stores.

A Lead Pencil Danger.

In the United States the danger of putting pencils in the mouth has long been recognized, and in all the schools every precaution is taken to prevent the interchange of pencils as well as the moistening of them with the lips. A great many children and even their elders, who ought to know better, persist in putting pencils in their mouth regardless of the risk they run.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulents, a modern laxative. 25c at all stores.

Explained.

Small Robert did not know the meaning of death, so when he was told that a man across the street was dead he asked his five-year-old sister what it meant to be dead. After a moment's hesitation she answered: "Why, to be dead means that—that—you are all in."

Hasty Pride.

This is how a little girl reported the text of the sermon: "Pride goeth before destruction, but a haughty spirit waits till fall."—Judge.

H. C. MOORE,
Livery, Feed and Board Stable
We make a specialty of good rigs and gentle horses for ladies, also have something to suit everybody.
Percy Smithson will be with me and will be glad to see all of his old friends.
H. C. MOORE.

For Rest And Recreation
The ideal spot in Western Kentucky is at
THE WILHELM
hotel and park, situated on a high hill at Cerulean Springs. Dancing, tennis, bowling, boating, fishing and swimming. Sulphur spring and Iron Water Well in the park. Excellent fare, and reasonable rates.
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ALL FRESH GOODS,
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Country Produce Wanted, and Highest Cash Paid or Same.

DEAR DELAYS
Have your teeth attended to now. Don't put it off for more convenient season. They may get in such condition as will be difficult to repair.
Our methods are modern. Prices reasonable.
Extracting 25 Cts.
DR. FEIRSTEIN
Next to Court House. Estab. 1902. Both Phones.

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ALL WINTER ABOARD WRECK

How Two Plucky Newfoundland Fishermen Rescued a Derelict Schooner From an Ice-Floe.

In winning salvage the Newfoundlanders do not seem to reflect upon the length of hardship and peril to which they must go. This is characteristic of their lives in every respect; it is a proverb with them that they go when they can, and leave getting back "to luck and good conduct." Not long ago an American fishing schooner, abandoned by her crew in the Strait of Belle Isle in early winter as hopelessly lost, was carried off in the ice-floe. It was the slimmest chance in the world that the derelict would ever be seen again. There was not the slightest expectation, indeed, that she would be; the underwriters paid the insurance settlement without complaint or question, and crossed the schooner off for lost. But the schooner was not lost. She was sighted in her wanderings by two fishermen. They boarded from shore, found her hard and fast in the ice, but still tight and worthy, a craft to their taste, a valuable property to which they must cling, no matter what came of it. It cost them dear; the ice would not loosen its grip on the schooner—nor would the fishermen. They might from time to time have escaped ashore; it would have been the part of wisdom, perhaps, and certainly the part of caution, to do so; but rather than abandon their salvage these two cheerfully reckless fellows stuck to the ship for the rest of that bitter winter. When navigation opened in the spring of the year, the first mail steamer sighted the craft, still fast in the ice and manned by two gaunt skeletons. They had subsisted through the winter on one barrel of flour and some frozen herring. Having accomplished this, it was child's play for them to take their prize to port when the floe released her.—George Harding, in Harper's Magazine.

HAD TO EAT HIS PARTNER

George Cohan's Story of Actor Who Had to Wait Too Long for Engagement.

George M. Cohan, at an after-theater supper at Delmonico's, was talking about the "turkey trot."

"There's a moving little story about the 'turkey trot,'" he said, with his dreamy smile, "a story that illustrates well the vicissitudes of an actor's life."

"An elderly actor said in despair to a theatrical agent one day:

"Is there nothing you can do for me? I've hung around your office, out of work, for eight months now."

"The agent, as he polished his diamond ring with his red silk handkerchief, answered thoughtfully:

"Look here. Bring yourself up to date. The 'turkey trot' is all the go. You train some animal or bird to do the 'turkey trot' with you, and I'll get you on one of the circuits at a three-figure salary."

"The old actor thanked the agent gratefully. He bought an ostrich from a retired circus man, and after a lot of hard work he taught the bird to 'turkey trot' with him splendidly. Then he reported himself to the agent again.

"But the agent, for all his promises, had nothing to offer. The poor fellow turned up every day for a while, then every other day, then every third day, and at last a week went by without his appearance at the agent's office."

"Then the agent sent for him, and said:

"Well, I've fixed you up at last. I've booked you for that turn of yours at —."

"But the old actor interrupted, sadly:

"It's too late now," he said.

"Too late? How is it too late?" said the agent, frowning.

"I've had to eat my partner," muttered the old actor.

He Speaks Twenty-Three Languages.

Sir Charles Elliot, the newly appointed principal of Hong Kong university, who speaks 23 languages, may probably hold the record as a linguist in these degenerate days. But in the past he would not have borne out the belt so easily. There was Elihu Burritt, for instance, the "Learned Blacksmith," born in Connecticut in 1810, who whilst working as an apprentice at the forge taught himself French, Latin, German, Italian, Greek and Hebrew. During early manhood he mastered Sanskrit, Syriac, Arabic, Norse, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Bohemian and Turkish; then turning his attention to minor languages and dialects, persevered in his studies until he was able to read, write and speak in 60 different ways.

But it took an equal linguist to tell when Elihu Burritt was telling the truth.—From the London Chronicle.

Propitiating Spirits of Rats.

15,000,000 rats have been sacrificed for the sake of the preventive measure against the spread of plague brought forth by the Metropolitan Police board of the city of Tokio. This enormous number of the rodents have been purchased by the authorities from the residents and killed since the first case of the pestilence was discovered in the capital in December, 1902.

Recently a religious service was performed by the officials of the police office for the purpose of consoling the spirits of these dead creatures. These tender-hearted gentlemen remembered that the current year is壬子, or "the year of the rat" and that these creatures therefore deserve some deference.

LIED BEAUTIFULLY TO HER NEVER FORGOT ITS ENMITY

Amy, Good Woman, Listened to Jim Bone's Autobiography, Expurgated for Her Ears.

They sat down in the entry of Amy's house and talked—that is, Jim talked. It was the first time that he had willingly given out in Rockersville any of the details of his past. But now all at once it seemed that he had an overwhelming desire to get it properly expurgated and set forth to Amy's admiring ears. It was no more the truth than any other man's past is the truth when he tells it to a woman. She inspired him to lie about it beautifully, as she inspired Elbert to lie about his daily existence, and as every good woman inspires every bad man to fabricate his autobiography. As he went on with the tale of his adventures he began to see himself glorified in the placid, smiling attention of her sweet blind face. He wondered why in the world he had been so secretive about those years in the west.

Jim Bone perceived all at once that he was not the rowdy he had supposed himself to be, but something of a hero of the chapter-heading smiles upon Amy's lips. Given the tablet of such a countenance, and the worst man in existence can make shining scriptures of an ill-spent life. The truth is, we are all autobiographical liars. But the funny thing is that once we see ourselves clarified by such faith as Amy's, we accept her version, and experience a shrunken peace that must distract the God who makes our moral sense, but does not control it afterward. On this occasion Bone finished his metamorphosis from the outlaw into the modest deprecating hero simply by a method of narrative that left out the undesirable parts of his real life. And it is one of the commonest miracles of conversion practiced by either men or women.—Corra Harris in the Saturday Evening Post.

BOY WHO WOULD NOT OBEY

Precedence of a New York Youth Was a Mighty Serious Problem For His Mother.

In a discussion on "Education," held the other afternoon at the headquarters of the National League for the Education of Women, Miss Jane Day, who is a "visiting teacher" of school 166, of which John Reigard is principal, told several stories of her experiences in her attempt to bring the school and the home into closer relationship.

"One thing which many of you upper class mothers don't understand," she explained, "is the superior precocity of the children of the poor. I remember going to call upon the mother of a boy whom his teachers had found quite incorrigible in school and asking her to make him behave himself."

"And how can I make him behave himself in school, when he won't do it at home?" she demanded. "Why, he doesn't care a bit about a thing I say. When I tell him to bring up the coal and take down the ashes he just laughs at me and tells me that he isn't fourteen and if I try to make him work he'll have the Gerry society after me for breakin' the child labor laws. Now, what can I be doing with a boy like that?"

Saw His Opportunity.

The first field-glasses brought to the New Hebrides sorely puzzled the simple-minded natives, who of course thought them the product of wizardry. In "Islands of Enchantment" Florence Combs tells how one of the mission clergy was walking along the shore, when a native at his side pointed out a tiny finger in the distance.

"There goes one of my enemies," said he.

The white man, drawing out his field-glasses, and adjusting the focus, handed them to his companion, who, gazing through them in excited amazement, beheld his foe apparently close at hand. Dropping the glasses, he seized his arrows and looked again. The enemy was as far away as at first. Once more he snatched the magic glasses, once more exchanged them for his arrows, and once more was baffled. To lose such an opportunity was hard indeed. A bright thought suddenly occurred to him.

"You hold the glasses to my eyes," said he to the missionary, "and I can shoot him."—Youth's Companion.

Quotation on Wildcats.

The aona of J. H. Brower at Granville have sold their large live wildcat, captured one year ago, to R. A. Water of Akron, Ohio, for \$8. The cat has been used to kill rats which infest Mr. Brower's barn.

The animal, which is apparently eight or ten years old and weighs fifteen pounds, killed ten rats in less than five minutes when they were thrown one by one into its cage. The boys had some dangerous sport with the wildcat a few days ago when they attached a plough line about its neck and pulled it from the cage. Mr. Brower stopped the sport before any of the rats were attacked by the ferocious animal. It was shipped by express to Akron.

A Mild Argument.

"Hubby, do you love me as much as you did when we were first married?"

"Of course I do."

"Seems to me you don't tell me so often as you did."

"Yes, I do. Seems to me you're harder to convince."

COLT'S REPUGNANCE TO CALF GREW UNTIL IT INCLUDED EVERY SPECIES OF THE BOVINE

On a stock farm near Syracuse, N. Y., a calf and colt were born on the same day. So soon as it was old enough to run about the calf resolutely repudiated its Jersey mother and insisted on being fed by the mare. Regularly every morning the calf would watch its chance for breakfast when the colt was kicking up its heels at the other end of the pasture, and would hurry to the good-natured mare, who seemed to develop a real affection for her foster baby and was quite willing to mother it. To this, however, her own offspring strenuously objected. So soon as it observed the calf enjoying the nourishment which it considered its own exclusive right, the colt would charge on the interloper and, grabbing it firmly by the back of the neck, would yank it away from the maternal fount and take its place.

So, far from forgetting its youthful enmity for the calf, the colt has grown up hating everything bovine. The farmer has had to erect a high fence dividing the pasture, and to keep cows and horses separated. The colt otherwise tractable in every way, goes wild with rage at sight of a cow, and attacks her with hoofs and teeth. For this reason it is impossible to drive him in the country, and his owner is even obliged to stable him in a building remote from sight and sound of the coward.

MARKED BY MUCH COURTESY

Transaction in English Country Store Caused Reflection on Part of Boston Woman.

Letting a boy buy eggs in an English country store brought home to a Boston woman the barbarian bluntness of her own townsmen.

"The boy was aged about six, and he wanted three eggs," she said. "Picture the transaction in a Boston store. In bounces the boy, slaps down the money, and shouts: 'Gimme three eggs;' the tradesman answers 'All right,' or maybe nothing at all, and the deal is closed. Not so in that English store."

"Quietly the boy sidled up to the counter. From the other side a gray-haired grocer beamed upon him benevolently, and said, 'Thank you?' inquiringly."

"Three eggs, if you please," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the grocer, and put the eggs into a paper bag.

"The boy received the bag with another 'Thank you,' and 'Thank you,' replied the grocer when he took the money. That required making change, which was effected with another interchange of 'Thank you's.' Just count the civilities: Six 'thank you's,' and one of you please to buy three eggs. In Boston you could do a week's marketing on less courtesy."

Suing the Question.

The damage suit was on, and Biddad's chauffeur was testifying for the plaintiff.

"Now, you say," said the pompous lawyer for the defendant, "that at this point the two cars, traveling at the rate of 30 miles an hour, came together head on. Then what did you do?"

The witness gazed wearily at his questioner.

"Why," he said, "I turned to my wife, who was brushing the baby's hair in the tonneau, and I said that I thought the dumplings must be done by this time."

"Bang!" interrupted the judge's gavel. "Stenographer," said his honor, "strike that fool answer from the record."

"And doesn't the question go with it, judge?" asked the witness meekly.

"Sure!" said his honor, forgetting the dignity of his calling for the moment.—Harper's Weekly.

Trusts.

While the great moneyed and industrial combinations of the present day, known as "trusts" are quite modern affairs, it is true that the trust idea is almost as old as history. Under the Roman Empire, and even away back among the peoples of Egypt and the other eastern nations, we find the germs, at least, of the modern trust. The fundamental idea at the bottom of the doctrine of the present day trust is that of the exploitation of the many by the few, and it was against such an idea that the Gracchi died in Rome. In fact, all ancient history is little more than the story of the few combining for power and wealth against the many, and that is all that the trust of today means.

Why He Had to Have an Office.

An inherited fortune and the disposal of an organized business enabled a well-known Chicagoan to retire. He had the inclination for leisure, but could not surrender the idea of having a defunct business abiding spot.

He rented an office in a loft building and went to Europe. After a six months' absence he returned, looked the building over and went to South America. Then, after again verifying the report that the building was not crumbling, he took a jaunt to Japan.

Not long ago one of his old cronies said:

"Frank, why don't you give up your office—you don't need it."

"That's true," said Frank. "I would give it up, but I don't know what to do with the rug."

CHILD SOON LEARNS TO KNOW THE EFFECT OF TEARS ON MOTHER, DECLARES AN AUTHORITY.

A mother can seldom withstand the tears of her baby, especially if it is her first baby. And yet the fear that babies will cry, or the mother's softness of heart, accounts for much of the over-indulgence of children. As soon as a child finds out that a mother is perfectly willing for him to cry if he likes, and as long as he likes, and that it doesn't disturb her in the least, but she just sits complacently (outwardly!) by and reads or sews, crying loses its virtue and life from that lesson on grows decidedly more sunshiny. For most of the crying of a young child is done deliberately because the child soon finds out that it is the way to get what it wants. "I know it is wrong to give in to my child when he cries," said a mother recently, "but I do it for the sake of the neighbors." This feeling for the neighbors is penny wise, pound foolish. In the first place anyone who lives near babies expects to hear them cry more or less, because all babies cry. But no baby cries so much as the one whose mother is so afraid of his crying that she is always trying to prevent it. Hard-hearted it may sound, but the common sense fact remains nevertheless that the crying of a young child shall have no weight whatever in his management, except as a symptom. In itself crying is not serious; on the contrary, it is healthful. A mother must decide whether the crying is a symptom of pain, weariness or of temper. But having decided that, she must treat the pain, the weariness or the temper, but never the crying itself.—Ladies' Home Journal.

HAVE PRIVILEGE OF CREATION

Consolation for Women Who Do Not Enjoy All the Advantages They See Others Have.

Women are taught very wrongly about love. They are allowed to read love stories at a tender age and form a totally false notion of love.

They see themselves as charmers at a very early age. They begin trying to captivate, to charm, to ensnare the opposite sex, before they are out of the nursery. They live and die—many, many of them—without ever in the least understanding the truth about love or, in fact, about anything else.

Women are very envious by nature. There seems to be plenty of justification in this one way you look at it. Why should one woman have luxury, ease, travel, society and fine clothes and another woman have only toil and loneliness and privation?

This is a useless question. We cannot explain the inequalities of life, but there is an answer to the woman who asks this question. It is this: The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation. You have a chance to see what you can find by the way of joy and beauty; you have an opportunity to create your own atmosphere and it can be a very lovely one if you learn the secret of making it so.—Pittsburg Leader.

Sounds Like Good Logic.

Recently, several educators came to the conclusion, after a lot of argument and discussion, that it is useless to teach girls higher mathematics and logic and that the time should be devoted to giving the girls a more practical training that will fit them to be housewives and mothers. It is much better, say the educators, to teach cooking, housekeeping and nursing. So far as logic is concerned, the educators point out that the minds of young women can be disciplined just as much, if not more so, by putting them through rigorous courses in what will be of practical benefit to them in life. It is further argued that mathematics and such studies do not help a woman to be a better companion to her husband, for he uses those things only in his business, and a woman rather should study things that can be of help to him in his hours of relaxation.

Strenuous Exercise.

They were talking about the value of regular physical exercise, and one of the group, noticing that Meredith Nicholson, the author, seemed pretty fit, asked him what he did to keep in condition.

"Who, me?" he exclaimed. "Why, I don't need any calisthenics or things of that sort. I live in a house on the sunset side of the street, and I get all the exercise my system needs in building the fire every morning."

"That doesn't seem to offer much chance for exercise," remarked a friend. "What kind of fire is it you build, wood or coal?"

"Neither," replied Nicholson. "We use gas, and I have to scratch a match every time I light the fire."

Ancient Land Grants.

Among the Jews the private ownership of land seems to have been established from the earliest times, as we learn from the purchase of land by Abraham when he secured the Cave of Macphelah for a family tomb, and the story of Ruth and Boaz. Assyrian, or rather Babylonian cylinders of clay still preserve the transfers of land, and the names of humble grantors and grantees, whose names and petty bargains have survived for ages all record of the magnates whom they envied and obeyed.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

FIRST THEATER IN AMERICA

It Was in Philadelphia and Its Walls Are Only Now Crumbling Into Dust.

There is an echo of the past called up by the falling of the walls of an abandoned distillery on South street. These walls once inclosed the first theater that was erected in the United States. It was burned out some years later, but the walls have remained to this day.

If surprise be noted over the location of the theater, it is only necessary to point out that in the middle of the eighteenth century the moral and civic spirit of the day prevented the profanation of the city by any such institution, so it was erected outside the boundaries and was in what was known as Southwark. Of the troublous history of this artistic enterprise much has been written. It is unfortunate that records of the dramas given are not complete and that we have few contemporary criticisms from unbiased pens upon the artistic worth of the thespian representations. It is of record that the city authorities were much shocked, that much of Society (with a large S) frowned on the institution, and that rogues and vagabonds were under the ban for a long time.

But even in that day there were those who found pleasure and profit in attending the theater. A few years later George Washington was of those who patronized the enterprise. At that day the name of Washington might have stood against the world, and many young men at least considered that it would do them no harm to follow their leader to the theater.

If we can believe what evidence is available, dramatic managers in those days had some illumination and inspiration, as well as being mere purveyors of entertainment. The supply of plays was meager and not of high class, according to modern standards. The theater was ill appointed and poorly lighted. But the actors and actresses seemed to have had some spark of divine afflatus, for they received commendations from foreign visitors who had seen the best the world afforded.

The dawn of the American drama cast a feeble light, but we may now catch a few glintings of it as its first home in America tumbles into dust.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

IDAHO A WONDERFUL STATE

Even the Victims of Its Swindlers Make Money by the Fraud, Says Senator Borah.

United States Senator Borah claims that his state of Idaho is so good that even the people who get cheated with in its smiling domain make money by the transaction. On his way from Washington after the adjournment of the last session of congress, he was introduced on the train to an eastern woman who immediately began to tell a long, sad story about the robber-like practices of western people in general and Idaho men in particular.

"My husband was a traveling man," she explained in a lachrymose voice, "and one night in Boise City some of your people gave him too much drink, so much in fact, that he didn't know what he was doing. The next morning he was waked up and discovered that he had bought fourteen hundred dollars' worth of mining stock at four cents a share. Think of that, the greatest outrage I ever heard of. I have never even looked up the mine in which the stock was sold, but the experience has taught me that western promoters are merely burglars. My poor, dear husband was robbed as surely as if those men had held him up at the point of a gun."

Mr. Borah asked the name of the mine, and she told him. Without saying a word, he picked up a newspaper and pointed to the stock quotations. Right there that Nobe-like woman got the shock of her life. The stock was shown to be worth \$140,000 that day.—Popular Magazine.

Monkey Chastisement.

Monkeys do such an astonishing amount of reasoning, sometimes, that it almost frightens us into believing that Darwin was right after all. A short time ago a child, contrary to all orders, put several peppermint drops inside the wire of a monkey cage, in a circus. One of the monkeys sampled one and liked it immensely, but, thinking that another treat was in store at the end of the cage, left the remaining peppermints unprotected for a brief moment. No sooner was his back turned than a mischievous little monkey made way with the candies, and on the owner's return not a peppermint was in sight. The older monkey gravely considered the situation for a few moments, then called the little monkey to him, tested his breath, and spanked him for dear life.

Exonerated.

Indignant Passenger (to railway manager)—Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your beastly engines, and it cost me 10 shillings for a doctor to get it out and dress the eye. Now, what do you propose to do in the matter?

Railway Manager—Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. We have no use for the cinder, and you are perfectly welcome to it. No doubt, strictly speaking, you did go off with our property—the cinder of course, was not yours—but we do not care to make a fuss about such a small matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought.

WHY THE HORSE TREMBLES

Asking Zeus To Improve Him, the God Created and Showed Him the Camel.

"Father of beasts and of men!" so spake the horse, approaching the throne of Zeus—"I am said to be one of the most beautiful animals with which thou has adorned the world; and my self-love leads me to believe it. Nevertheless, might not some things in me still be improved?"

"And what in thee, thinkest thou, admits of improvement? Speak! I am open to instruction," said the indulgent god with a smile.

"Perhaps," returned the horse, "I should be fleetier if my legs were taller and thinner. A long swan neck would not disfigure me. A broader breast would add to my strength. And, since thou hast once for all destined me to bear thy favorite, man—the saddle which the well meaning rider puts upon me might be created a part of me."

"Good," replied Zeus, "wait a moment!"

Zeus, with earnest countenance, pronounced the creative word. "A flowed life into the dust; then organized matter combined; and there stood before the throne the ugly camel."

The horse saw, shuddered and trembled with fear and abhorrence.

"Here," said Zeus, "are taller and thinner legs; here is a long swan-neck; here is a broader breast; here is the created saddle! Wilt thou, horse, that I should transform thee after this fashion?"

The horse still trembled. "Go!" continued Zeus. "Be instructed, for this once, without being punished. But to remind thee, with occasional compunction, of thy presumption—do thou, new creation, continue! Zeus cast a preserving glance on the camel. "And never shall the horse behold thee without trembling."—From Lessing's Fables.

PICTURE OF MODERN LIFE

Little Telephone Conversation Between Husband and Wife That Hits Off Modern Conditions.

Mr. Jones (at the telephone)—Hello, is that you, dear?

Mrs. Jones (at the other end)—Yes, Edward.

Mr. Jones—I won't be home for dinner tonight and probably not until very late afterward. Don't sit up for me.

Mrs. Jones—What is it, lodge night, or work at the office?

Mr. Jones—Neither. Collins and the gang want me to stay here at the club for dinner and there's to be a little game in the evening. I think I can bring home a few dollars to you for a new hat or something.

Mrs. Jones—Oh, very well. But if you lose, don't you dare say anything to me about what I dropped at bridge yesterday. And Edward—

Mr. Jones—Yes, dear.

Mrs. Jones—Come home moderately sober. Stick to beer. The last time you mixed 'em and you remember—it took two of your friends and a cop to bring you home. I won't be up when you come home—don't wake me.

Thornless Blackberries.

I have heard of thornless blackberries having been discovered in North Carolina and along the eastern coast, but unfortunately the berries were not of any use for food. I have also grown so-called, but not by any means thornless, ones 40 years ago. Electricity was also known for thousands of years, but it was worthless until developed. Steam was also useless as an aid in performing the labor of mankind until some one made it useful. It is the same with the thornless blackberry. It is now productive; delicious to eat, large and in every way valuable for food, and absolutely smooth like the twig of an apple tree. There are seedless apples in existence today, but none of them are of any commercial value. There was once a so-called stoneless plum, but it was not larger than a large bean, and was not fit for human food. The bush was an ill-shaped thorny one and the fruit absolutely useless. Now there are, growing on my farms, splendid plums and plums which are stoneless. Nature gives us a hint and it is man's business to carry out the work to produce results.—Luther Burbank in the Christian Herald.

Shooting on an English Estate.

A gentleman from London was invited to go for "a day's snipe shooting" in the country. The invitation was accepted and the host and guest shouldered guns and sallied forth in quest of game.

After a time a solitary snipe rose, and promptly fell to the visitor's first barrel.

The host's face fell also.

"We may as well return," he remarked, gloomily, "for that was the only snipe in the neighborhood."

The bird had afforded excellent sport to all his friends for six weeks.

Wireless to Synchronize Clocks.

All public clocks in the German empire will hereafter be synchronized by means of wireless telegraphy. A master clock in a new station now being constructed at the town of Fulda will actuate the radiotransmitter every minute. The tower over the station will be 300 feet high. A census recently taken of the public clocks in London shows the importance of such a project, because a total variation was found of twenty-one minutes, from slow to fast. Only 3½ per cent of the clocks were within one minute of the time.

L. & N.

Time Card No. 124

Effective Sunday April 30, 1911

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:56 p. m.
No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:01 a. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a. m.
No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:53 a. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:27 p. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:20 p. m.
Nos 95 and 94 will make Nos. 90 and 91's stops except 94 will not stop at Mannington and No. 95 will not stop at Mannington or Empire

No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other points west.

No. 51 connects at Gutrie for Memphis and other points south as Erin and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

No. 53 and 55 make direct conn. at Gutrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points east and west. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.

No. 92 through to Chicago and will carry passengers to point South of Evansville.

No. 94 through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Gutrie for points East and West. No. 94 will not carry local passengers for points North of Nashville, Tenn.

J. C. HOOE, Agt.

Tennessee Central

Time Table No. 4 Taking Effect

SUNDAY, March 10, 1912

EAST BOUND

No. 12 Leave Hopkinsville 6:30 a. m.
Arrive Nashville... 9:45 a. m.
No. 14 Leave Hopkinsville 4:00 p. m.
Arrive Nashville... 7:15 p. m.

WEST BOUND

No. 11 Leave Nashville... 8:25 a. m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 11:20 a. m.
No. 13 Leave Nashville... 5:00 p. m.
Arrive Hopkinsville 8:15 p. m.

T. L. MORROW, Agent

Averitt's Bed

Bug Paste

The new exterminator for Bed Bugs, Roaches, Ants and all other insects. Not only kills and devours the bugs but prevents the eggs from hatching. Is convenient to use. Does not run or spread—fills the cracks. A positive exterminator and preventive. Made by the

Anderson-Fowler
DRUG CO., Incorporated.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers at 25c per bt. with Brush for applying.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

A GOOD PLACE TO GO

When you come to town bring the family and let them see the show.

Matinee Daily 2 O'clock to 5:20
EVENING 7 TO 10:20

Admission - - - 10 Cts
Children - - - 5 Cts

DO IT NOW Subscribe for THIS

AT BIRTHPLACE OF DICKENS

Almost a Shrine, Where Many of the Hurrying Crowds Pause to Do Reverence.

A great signboard partly covers the little house where Charles Dickens was born. "Charles Dickens' Birthplace," it says, and all the hurrying world entering old Portsmouth pauses to look at it. The street, Commercial road, might be a street in any large city, and the house is no alien edifice in the vista of ugliness. A hundred years ago the traffic may have been quieter and the flowers in the front gardens not quite so dusty—a century leads us back such a very long road. In the spring of 1812 we picture Mrs. John Dickens, wife of the humble clerk in the navy pay office, bringing her baby boy—her first son—to the small windows for a glimpse of the London stage coach bound for the Portsmouth dockyard. Little did the third mother think as she held him there that his life would one day affect some of the passengers on the coach, the people who walked or rode in the street, the thousands going about their business in Portsmouth and the tens of thousands upon thousands all over the country. Whoever made so many men laugh and weep as Dickens? What pen has opened the doors into as many lives? No heart has ever been closer to the facts of human life than that of the beardless boy who shyly winked at his Sam Weller and sent him forth with laughter that was to blow into a gale. On Weller's footsteps they come, those common and yet uncommon types he drew forth from the bone and sinew of Great Britain. The boy born in Commercial road was to be the apostle of everyday people, and the multitude of tradesmen he wrote of would make a trades' directory.—The Ladies' World.

NEVER LACKED FOR SOLDIERS

How Japanese Forethought Supplemented Military Skill in the Great Struggle With Russia.

Brig. Gen. Robert K. Evans, says the Army and Navy Journal, told of meeting, just after the Russo-Japanese war, a friend who had been a military attaché with Oyama's army in the Manchurian campaign, and asked him what had been the most striking and noteworthy incident that came to his notice during the war. His reply was: "Without doubt it was this: In the battle of Mukden I noticed a large body of troops on the field whose presence I could not account for from any information in my possession. I rode over and inquired who they were. I was told, 'These are the reserves sent from Japan to take the places of the men who will be killed and wounded in the next great battle.' And there they were on the field while the battle was going on." 'This is a most instructive incident,' thought General Evans. Hero Oyama lost in a great battle a certain number of thousands of men. The next day they were all replaced by an equal number of trained, instructed and disciplined men. The army was as strong numerically as before the fight. It had probably gained in efficiency by the practical experience of the officers and men who had been under fire and still remained in ranks.

Turned Joke on Inspector.

This curious incident comes from Suhr, Switzerland: An inspector of schools, without any previous warning, visited the village school and found the elderly teacher asleep at his desk and the children departed, having apparently taken French leave. To give the teacher a great surprise and a had quarter of an hour, the inspector decided to wait until he awoke, and seated himself on a bench in front of the culprit. The hours passed and the inspector himself went to sleep. The teacher, on awakening and seeing who was sleeping before him, quietly left the school for home. Without entering the school room the concierge locked up the school and the slumbering inspector. Several hours later the concierge heard a great noise and, arming himself, opened the door, and was greatly surprised to find the angry inspector before him.

Locked Antlers In Glacier.

Mute evidence of a mortal combat that may have occurred centuries ago was revealed to J. K. Magnusson, a timber cruiser on the slopes of Mount Baker, says the Portland Oregonian.

Lying in the lower edge of Roosevelt glacier were the crumpling bones of a buck deer of more than ordinary size. Digging down into the ice the cruiser uncovered the remains of a second animal, the body in an excellent state of preservation. The antlers of the animals were tightly interlocked, showing that the deer had died in battle.

From the position of the skeleton and the body in the glacier, Magnusson is of the opinion that they had been carried a long distance down the mountain side. As the glacier flows only four or five inches a day the battle of the bucks may have occurred centuries ago.

Willy Will.

"Didn't you think that was a beautiful girl with me today, Willy?" "What girl, my dearest?" "Why she was with me when you met us outside the church." "Was there a girl there, dear? I didn't notice. I was looking at you." "I didn't see her, but she loved him all the time." "I hate him!" he thought. "He's in thought."

The AMATEUR

A Tale of Love and Jealousy



DEAR, the amateur said, "at last my chance has come. I am to play the leading part in a real play, produced by the Comedy club. Think of it, an amateur playing a big lead!"

"Oh! I shall show you that my ambition to become an actor is a just one. I tell you, girl, I know he spoke with conviction, 'that I have talent.'"

"My amateur!" she stroked his hand lovingly. "I shall be very proud of your success. In fact, I am always proud of you." She looked with adoration upon his dark, handsome face. "I wish I could do something to help you." She smiled wistfully. "But if thinking success can bring it, it's yours already."

"You dear, winsome girl!" He rose and drew her to him. "I'm lucky to have your love, and as soon as I become a real actor we can be married."

"I'm glad!" For a minute she rested her head on his shoulder, nestling close.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to see you again until the night of the play." He held her at arm's length. "You understand, don't you? We rehearse every evening, and of course I can't give up at the office yet, so my days are also full. But I won't love you any less because I don't see you. You believe that?"

"Yes," she nodded, "but I shall miss you."

"Two weeks will pass quickly, and I shall send you a box for the performance. . . . It's only right," he added, proudly, "that the fiancée of the star should be conspicuous."

"Good luck to the amateur!" she laughed happily, kissing him good night.

After the amateur had gone the girl sat thinking, trying to find some way to help him.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "The man can do something. I will ask him to accompany me to the play. He and I will go alone, as no one else, not even father, could understand my nervousness during his performance."

Before retiring the girl wrote a note to the man, telling him what she wanted him to do for the amateur for her sake. . . . The man received and answered the note the following day, accepting the invitation.

As the man's car drew up to the entrance of the theater the girl laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Suppose he should not make good?" Her voice quivered. "Then, you—"

"Dear girl," the man spoke reassuringly, "I will make full allowances for the amateur, because you love him so dearly."

The curtain was up when they took their seats in the left stage box. The amateur was on, but didn't see them, as his back was toward the box.

It was not until the big scene in the second act that the amateur was able to look for the girl. . . . He had the center, and for a moment his glance wandered over the footlights, then rested upon the left box, where, sitting well forward and close to the man, whose arm encircled her chair, was the girl. . . . All the pent-up love of her nature was in her eyes when they met his, but, looking swiftly from her, he caught the man's eye, and a sudden spasm of jealousy shot through him.

"There he was working with all his strength to win success for her," he thought, viciously, "and she sat calmly by, not revealing in his triumph, but obviously enjoying the companionship of another man, and a handsome one at that!"

The girl smiled the winsome little smile that he loved, and blew him a kiss, but they were unheeded by the fierce anger that raged in his soul against the man, who with perfect repose watched his every move.

"I hate him!" he thought. "He's in thought."

hate him!" And unconscious of his part he tore wildly across the stage, until when quite close to the box his cue came. He gasped, stuttered, but his mind was a blank; all thought of lines had gone. He stared helplessly at the girl, and in the surge of his emotions even the voice of the prompter was drowned.

The leading lady came to his assistance as best she could, but his climax was pitifully weak and the denouement a hopeless failure.

At the fall of the curtain the girl turned to the man with tears in her eyes, and a half sob escaped when she tried to speak.

He wrapped her cloak about her, and in the rush of conversation they slipped out unnoticed.

She cried softly all the way home, and it was not until she was saying a good night that she had the courage to ask the man what he thought of the amateur's work.

"I thought in the first act he had some of the 'stuff' in him, but—well, he lacks control, and I don't believe he can ever be anything but an amateur. I'm sorry, for your sake."

Shortly after the departure of the man the amateur arrived.

He came as one ashamed, hesitating on the threshold; then with a trace of his old pride, he suddenly took her in his arms.

Gently she pushed him from her. "Why did you fail?" she asked.

"Because," he answered simply, "I was jealous. Can you forgive me? For a minute I hated him, for I thought he had stolen you from me. Who is he?"

"Don't you know?" Surprise was in every word. "Why, he is the man



"I Hate Him!"

of the theatrical world; the one manager they all strive to act before. I have always known him, and he would have given—"

"Girl! Do you mean that I had a chance with him? That he might have placed me?"

"Yes; but now he says you're only an amateur, and I know he's right. I could have forgiven the failure, and might have loved you more for it, but not the jealousy. I'm a woman, and I know happiness never lies along the road of jealousy and suspicion. You see, my amateur, it takes only a little thing to kill a woman's love, and yet it's harder to kill than a man's, but when it dies, it's quite as dead."

"Girl! Girl!" he cried. "I didn't know! Give me another chance. I'll be different! Oh, forgive me and let me try again! I can't give you up so easily—"

"Perhaps some day, when you have learned to play your part well," she said sadly; yet in her words he detected a ray of hope.

"I shall study faithfully." Reverently he took her hand. The door banged softly, and the girl was alone.

"And he will," she said slowly, "for I believe in him."—New York Press.

SENSE OF PROPRIETY.

"No," said the beautiful actress, "I can't have him for my leading man. You must engage somebody else."

"But," the manager protested, "he is a splendid actor, and just fitted for this part."

"I know. Still I can't have him in my company. He was my husband once."

"Oh! Never mind that. The public has forgotten all about it."

"The public may have forgotten it, but how would it look for me to have a man who is paying me attention?"

"Onyx" Hosiery

TRADE MARK

THE Best Hose for the entire family, Men, Women and Children, can always be found in the "Onyx" Brand.

FOR Quality, Style and Wear, get a pair of "Onyx" Hose in Cotton, Lisle, Silk Lisle or Pure Silk, from 25c. to \$5.00 per pair—none genuine without trade-mark stamped on every pair. Sold by all dealers.

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Special rates to those coming early in the season. The mineral waters of Dawson are second to none in regard to their curative powers. Special rates on the I. C. Railroad. The New Century Hotel is equipped with electric lights and is steam-heated. An up-to-date hotel in all respects. J. V. Hayton & Co., Proprietors.

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The plans for your advertising campaign this year should by all means include a handsome Art Advertising Calendar for 1913. We have secured the exclusive agency for the Copyrighted Calendars produced by the A. M. Collins Mfg. Co., of Philadelphia.

This is one of the largest and most substantial Calendar houses in the United States, and the quality of their line is superior to that of any ever shown in this section.

This line will be handled exclusively by us in Christian and Trigg counties. It includes a great number and variety of subjects in full color, as well as some hand colored pictures of exceptional beauty.

The samples for 1913 will be in our hands shortly, and we shall be glad to show them to you at an early date. MAKE NO PLANS FOR YOUR 1913 CALENDAR UNTIL YOU SEE THIS EXTRAORDINARY LINE.
HOPKINSVILLE KENTUCKIAN.

COOK WITH GAS...

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Office in Summers Building near Court House
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A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation.
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Pure! Blood! Bile! Bilious! Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Sample Free. If your druggist does not have them send your order to the
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will occupy your entire time when you become a regular advertiser in THIS PAPER. Unless you have an antipathy for labor of this kind, call us up and we'll be glad to come and talk over our proposition.

EASIER THAN TO EXPLAIN

How the Man Who Had Been on Long
Spree Squared Himself
at Home.

Congressman Edward W. Townsend of New Jersey, very much in the public eye as the author of "Chimmie Fadden," the other day emerged hurriedly through the swinging doors out of the house, grabbed an acquaintance by the arm and rushed him down through the document room and into the open air.

"What's it all about?" demanded the friend when he got his breath.

"Something tells me that a roll call impends," said Townsend, "and, for a reason I have, I'd like to be reported dead or absent. Either would be easier explained than my vote. Which reminds me of a story.

"A long time ago I worked on a newspaper in Carson City, Nev. There was another fellow on the paper who was a good deal of a rummy and who used to go off on long sprees. One day he disappeared and nothing was heard of him for a month. He just got aboard of a train and started east, and at St. Louis he got a bun, the record of which is still preserved in the archives of the brewery just back of the town. He forgot home and mother and everything else. When he came to at the end of 30 days he felt that he was up against it a bit at home.

"Here," said he, "is a desperate case requiring a desperate remedy." Then he hid him to a telegraph shop and sent this message to his wife:

"I died at 4 o'clock this afternoon. What shall I do with the remains?"

FREE PLEASURES IN LONDON

Finest Music in Churches and Sights
That Will Interest The
Relic Hunter.

In London there are pleasures to be had for nothing, as was explained to me by a hard-working woman with no money margin for enjoyments. With two feet and a pair of boots she could hear music every evening during Lent from Westminster Abbey to St. Alban's, Holborn, and the church in Soho which rivals the restaurant in attraction. And all for nothing—only she confessed to putting a half-penny into the bag from her own depleted purse. The scientific economist could probably spend a pleasant day in London without spending anything else.

Some London relics have wandered farther afield than the Black Boy of Clement's Inn. Swanage possesses quite an assortment. The entire stone facade of the Mercers' Hall, Cheapside, is to be found in the High street, whither it was moved from London in 1882. Facing the sea is a Gothic clock tower taken bodily from London bridge, where it had been erected as a memorial to the Duke of Wellington. And in several roads about the town may be seen iron street posts, inscribed "St. Ann's Soho," and "St. Martin's-in-the-Field." The explanation is that two quartermen of Swanage became paving contractors in London, and patriotically transported to their native town the more picturesque oddments which found their way into their yard.—London Chronicle.

Wily Sexton.

Visitors to the Old North church are shown through the historic old building usually by an elderly man who seems obsessed with a love for the church. His fund of reminiscences is refreshing, and the most interesting thing he recounts is the story of how the lanterns were placed in the belfry.

According to his version of the historic incident, the sexton overheard some English officers talking in the house he lived in, and immediately hung the lanterns. Returning to his room, he saw that his shoes were caked with mud and hid them, replacing them with a dry pair.

The officers, after they learned that a signal had been hung from the belfry, rushed to the room of the sexton, but, finding his shoes dry, became convinced that some one else had hung the lanterns and then locked all the doors of the edifice.—Boston Journal.

Woman as Jail Governor.

Mme. Jenny Porchet, who has charge of the prison at Aigle, in the Canton of Vaud, France, is now 52 years of age, and 31 years ago she married the then prison governor.

At his death the authorities advertised for a successor, and among the applicants was his widow, who had managed the prison during her husband's long illness. Another point in her favor was her physique. In height she wants only an inch of six feet, and possesses the muscles of a wrestler. The prison commission doubted her fitness, but when she offered to try her strength against the most powerful gendarme, all doubts subsided. The prison is said to be the best managed in Switzerland.

There's the Rub.

"Why is it that you are so strongly opposed to extending to women the right to vote?"

"My wife has become a suffragette." "Well, what of it? Do you find that she neglects the children or that she isn't paying enough attention to the business of running the house?"

"No, it's not that. She's become so blamed well informed on public matters that I have to keep busy reading all the time in order to prevent her from finding out my ignorance concerning such things."—Judge.

Old Lady's Sage Advice

Knoxville, Tenn.—Mrs. M. M. L. Towe, of 102 W. Main Street, this city, says: "If you had seen me, before I began to take Cardui, you would not think I was the same person. Six doctors failed to do me good, and my friends thought I would die. I could hardly get out of bed or walk a step. At last an old lady advised me to take Cardui, and now I can go most anywhere." All ailing women need Cardui, as a gentle, refreshing tonic, especially adapted to their peculiar ailments. It is a reliable, vegetable remedy, successfully used for over 50 years. You ought to try it.

SURE ENOUGH WEATHER SIGNS

Coffee, Pipe and Cane Will Help One
to Make a Forecast of the
Coming Day.

When you go for your holiday, don't grumble if you find that your newspaper has misled you as to the weather in your particular district, or given you a report too general to be of any use. Instead, use your powers of observation, and be your own weather prophet.

You need go no farther than your own breakfast table to start with. Watch your cup of coffee. When the bubbles collect in the center of the cup and form a "kiss," you can plan that picnic with confidence. When they rush to the side of the cup, you had better go carefully. Rain is not absolutely certain, but it's very likely. Of course, it is the condition of the atmosphere that affects the tiny bubbles.

Your after breakfast pipe will confirm whatever opinion you have formed from your coffee. If you use wax matches you will find that they are specially difficult to ignite. You may succeed the first time, but by striking half a dozen in succession on a morning when rain is to be expected you will use six matches for two flares.

You will find further weather prophets waiting for you in the hall, anxious to tell you the news. Pick up your walking stick. If it is hard and dry, take it with you, even if the sky is clouded. But if the handle is moist, drop it, and take your umbrella. If, fifteen minutes after rubbing the handle with a dry cloth, the moisture reappears, you had better take your raincoat as well, for you are in for a "soaker."

KIND DEED IS NEVER LOST

Though Perhaps Not Immediately, Its
Good Results Are Certain to
Be Recorded.

Sometimes we become restless and impatient because we do not immediately see the result of our generosity. We seem to think that whatever aid we are able to give should work miracles before our eyes, and we are not content to believe that somewhere and somehow somebody's burden has been lightened because of our faith and generosity.

Sooner or later, often when we least expect it, our deeds of kindness come back to us a thousandfold. They may not be repaid in substantial coin, they may not even bear the stamp of our generosity, but they pour their blessings into our lives with rich interest and help us to understand the readjustment of our natures. It is a fine thing to be in a position to give freely and generously of those riches which, after all, are only ours during our stewardship, but it is just as gratifying and just as ennobling to give proportionately of the more modest means which some of us command. We are not judged by what we give so much as by the manner in which we give it, and happy, indeed, is he who is not afraid to give generously even of his small means. Our charities may not sound around the world, but they are heard by some poor sufferer close at hand, and what greater blessing and what richer recompense can we ask?

Needed at Home.

A southern lady was drinking tea with a New York friend, and the following talk ensued:

"The floor's all bald wood and—"
"You say the noo house is decorated in gold and w'ter?"
"Yes, but mo' like copper than real gold, and the do's—"

"W'en did you buy your machine, and w'at make is it?"
"Oh, the cyah is a little dahling! Have you seen it?"

"I saw it in the avenooc. The wheels were w'izzling like lightning. Shall we call Ugh on the wire, or would you prefer visiting that East side school and hearing how they teach the foreign children English? It's a splendid work."

Her Kitchen Alarm.

A New York man was startled last Sunday to hear an alarm clock in action, for the hour was precisely 1 p. m.

"I thought the alarm clock was up stairs," he said to his wife.

Without replying, she hurried to the kitchen. Soon returning, she explained her haste. "I made a suet pudding this morning," she said, "and put it into the oven at nine o'clock. The recipe I used stated that it should steam four hours and no longer. I was afraid I might forget it, so I brought down the alarm clock and set it to go off at one. The plan worked beautifully, for the pudding is done just right."

REPORTER IS A HISTORIAN

No Other is So True, and Few Are So
Entertaining and So
Useful.

A police reporter, indeed (or a penny-a-liner, as he is sometimes, with too much levity, styled), is the truest historian of his age. And, as no other histories are half so true, so few are nearly so entertaining, or so useful, either, as those which he indites; there only have we the manners of the time caught "living as they rise"—served up, as it were, piping hot—and human nature naturally delineated; everywhere else it is dressed up, varnished over, idealized, perhaps, or otherwise so metamorphosed or mystified as hardly to be recognized for the same thing that one is accustomed to see and have to do with in its original condition of flesh and blood. Nay, your penny-a-liner is not the greatest of historians merely, but the most penetrating of philosophers, going to the root of the matter, and the most instructive of poets and dramatists, not only "high actions and high passions best describing," but low ones quite as well. All this he is by reason of the matter-of-fact spirit in which he works.

For this is his distinction, that (to the shame of literature it must be confessed) he is the only description of man of letters who is not in some sort, as such, a systematic liar. All other writers set themselves to embellish, elevate, refine truth and Nature—some have gone the length of maintaining that this falsification, this lying, is the very soul and indispensable essence of the poetical, in all its forms; he alone takes down and communicates what he hears and sees simply as he hears and sees it—"among the faithless, faithful ones he."

THIEVES OF PARIS CAUGHT

Extraordinary Collection of Stolen
Property Found in Their Camp
in a Suburb.

The Paris police force made a remarkable haul at the suburb of Montreuil-sous-Bois. Eighteen men were arrested, and an enormous heterogeneous stock of stolen property was seized. The seizure was made in a camp of amateurly constructed houses, which was divided between two gangs of thieves and apaches. Most of the members belonged to the chief band, commonly known as "Boers," owing to their houses being known as "Transvaal City."

Inquiries made by the police showed that every Sunday morning the inhabitants of "Transvaal City" sold stolen meat at 4d a pound, and/or galvanized penny lotteries with prizes such as clocks, stolen watches, bicycles and stores of preserved groceries. The police seized a quantity of harness, saddlery, bicycles, sewing machines, typewriters, mattresses and bedding, and in a newly plastered ceiling they unearthed jewelry and watches enough to stock two or three jewelers' shops.

The information on which the police acted was given by a poor woman who had been kept in bondage by the thieves in order to do their cooking for them. Every one of them could steal with both audacity and cunning, but not one could as much as cook a potato.

Latest in Newspapers.

The "animated newspaper" issued by a French firm for display in moving-picture establishments is said to be the most costly newspaper issued from the standpoint of the subscriber, as one of these reels costs many dollars. These films are very popular with a certain class of patrons of the "movies." They are edited in much the same manner as the typical newspaper. A corps of operators is kept ready and the editor is in constant touch with many sources of news. As soon as a promising tip reaches him, the editor sends one, two or as many men as he thinks necessary for the purpose. Frequently the three films are patched together to make one complete reel. Correspondents are maintained at different points, and these are assigned by telegraph to go to certain points where their services may be needed. Mine explosions and railroad accidents are regarded as particularly attractive features, and men are sent at once to these whenever they are reasonably accessible. Pictures of the debris and the work of removal are always objects of interest to patrons of the "movies."

Catch Smelts by the Wagonload.

A great run of smelt is now going up the Sandy river, the first one in about eight years. The little fish are to be seen in a solid column coming from the Columbia river.

Hundreds of persons, attracted by the sight, are catching the smelt in dip nets and buckets and hauling them away by the wagonload. Farmers are coming in by the score every day from every direction and from long distances to get a supply of fish for pickling and smoking.

The run probably will last for several days, and then the season for the smelt will close until next winter.—Tribune correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

Trying to Decide.

"Hear you have a fine baby at your house?"

"Yep; bouncing boy."

"Who does he look like?"

"Well, we haven't quite decided yet. To tell the truth, none of our relatives have very much coin."

Hopkinsville Market
Quotations.

Corrected April 9, 1912.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 12½c per pound.
Country bacon, 14c per pound.
Black-eyed peas, \$4.50 per bushel.
Country shoulders, 12c per pound.
Country hams, 18c per pound.
Irish potatoes, \$1.80 per bushel.
Northern eating Rural potatoes \$1.80 per bushel.
Texas eating onions, \$3.50 per bushel.
Red eating onions, \$3.50 per bushel.
Dried Navy beans, \$3.25 per bushel.
Cabbage, 6 cents a pound.
Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.
Country dried apples, 15c per pound.
Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound.
Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.
Fresh Eggs 20c per doz.
Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.
FRUITS.
Lemons, 25c per dozen.
Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz.
Bananas, 15c and 20c doz.
New York State apples \$6.00 to \$8.00 per barrel.
Cash Price Paid For Produce.
POULTRY.
Dressed hens, 12½c per pound.
Dressed cocks, 7c per pound.
Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks 3c per pound; live turkeys, 13c per pound.
ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.
Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:
Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb.
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb.
Mayapple, 3½; pink root, 12c and 13c.
Tallow—No. 1, 4½; No. 2, 4c.
Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear Grease, 21c, medium, tub washed 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tub washed 18c.
Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.
Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.
Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5½.
Fresh country eggs, 15 cents per dozen.
Fresh country butter 25c lb.
A good demand exists for spring chickens, and choice lots of fresh country butter.

HAY AND GRAIN.

Choice timothy hay, \$30.00
No. 1 timothy hay, \$30.00
Choice clover hay, \$25.00
No. 1 clover hay, \$25.00
Clean, bright straw hay, \$8.00
Alfalfa hay, \$28.00
White seed oats, 68c
Black seed oats, 68c
Mixed seed oats, 65c
No. 2 white corn, \$1.00.
No. 2 mixed corn, \$1.00.
Winter wheat bran, \$30.00.
Chops, \$5.00.

A Cash Offer.

The Kentuckian has made a special clubbing rate with The Memphis Weekly Commercial Appeal by which we will furnish both papers for one year for the very low subscription price of \$2.25. The Commercial Appeal is one of the largest and best papers in the South, and we hope to receive many new subscriptions on this offer; \$2.25 cash for both papers.

Calendars.

The finest line of samples ever seen in Hopkinsville, from the Collins Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia, can be seen at the Kentuckian office. Come in and see them. We can please you, no matter what style you want for 1913.

Let US PRINT YOUR SALE BILL

Clean Up

All You Housekeepers
Get Busy.

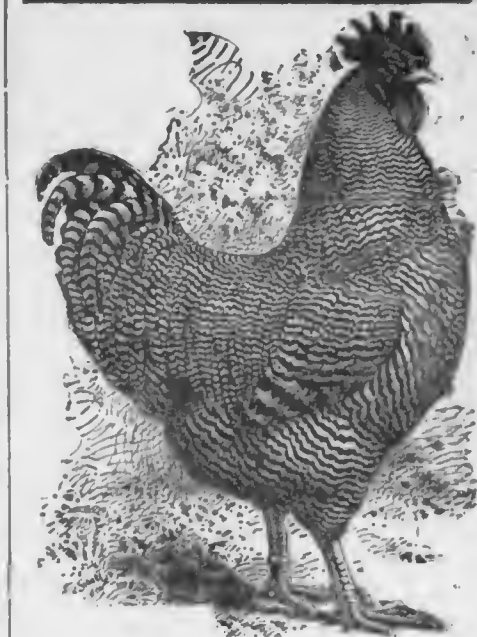
I carry a full line of Floor Varnishes, Polishes, and all Household necessities.

Phone me for information.

MAX M. BLYTHE,
DRUGGIST.

**KILL THE COUGH
AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S
NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES**
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY
OR MONEY REFUNDED

HALF PRICE



Six more \$5.00 Barred Rock
Cockerels left at
\$2.50

Eggs \$2 to \$5 per 15, according to matings.

Phones 94 and 1222

R. Y. MEACHAM.

OUR
ADVERTISING
COLUMNS

are read by the people because it gives them news of absorbing interest. People no longer go looking about for things they want—they go to their newspaper for information as to where such things may be found. This method saves time and trouble. If you want to bring your wares to the attention of this community, our advertising columns

Should
Contain Your
Ad

Guarding an Impression.
"Why doesn't that Parisian playwright accept those challenges?" "He's in a predicament. He is a tragic author and can't afford to let the public see him in anything as funny as a French duel."

After Thirty Years' Experience

With the Buggy trade of this section we have convinced the customer of the importance of considering

WHAT IS UNDER THE PAINT

on a buggy. True, he cannot tell by looking, but the brand and reputation of the maker is a guarantee of what he can expect in the way of service.

As a result purely of experience a man will now come into our show-room, and ask to be shown a Columbus, a Delker, an Anchor or some other of long tried and proven merit,

AFTER ALL HE HAS SEEN UNDER THE PAINT

We have a beautiful line of new and most attractive work to show you, and beg the favor of a visit.

Forbes Mfg. Company

INCORPORATED.

GRANGE SALES

Itemized Statement Of Stock Sold And Prices Paid.

At the Church Hill Grange Sale Friday a total of 66 head of cattle were sold at good prices. As stated in today's paper, the offerings were not so large, but the prices were very satisfactory, the aggregate sales amounting to about \$2,600.

The following are the sales in detail:

R. H. BOYD	
3 Steers to N. Edwards	\$169.00
1 " " " " " "	\$50.00
R. H. MCGAUGHEY	
3 Calves to S. L. Cowherd	\$46.50
1 Heifer to W. H. Adams	\$18.00
1 Buck to T. H. Meigs	\$10.50
W. H. ADAMS	
1 Jersey cow to J. W. Foard	\$36.00
1 " " " " " "	\$21.00
1 Steer to N. Edwards	\$60.00
2 Steers to Tribble	\$140.00
J. E. GOSSETT	
2 Steers to Edwards	\$114.00
1 Jersey steer to Tribble	\$41.50
1 " " " " " "	\$53.00
1 " " " " " "	\$46.00
1 " " " " " "	\$41.00
2 " " " " " "	\$58.00
P. V. CASTER	
1 J. bull to Wiley & Parker	\$15.50
C. C. MAJOR	
1 Heifer to Max Meyer	\$28.50
1 Cow to J. W. Courtney	\$26.00
ELBRIDGE GREGORY	
1 Steer to Edwards	\$48.00
1 " " Meyer	\$40.00

S. F. HOLLOWAY

1 Steer to Edwards	\$50.00
1 " " " " " "	\$25.00
1 Heifer to M. B. King	\$31.00

HARRY GAINES

1 Steer to W. H. Adams	\$25.00
2 " " " " " "	\$50.00

FRANK CAUDLE

1 Steer to Edwards	\$38.00
2 Heifers to J. F. Dixon	\$50.00
4 Cows to H. Rives	\$138.00

W. L. CAUDLE

2 Heifers to Edwards	\$56.00
1 Cow " " " "	\$41.00
1 Heifer " Dixon	\$24.50

J. L. MCGEE

1 Cow to Dixon	\$14.50
1 J. Steer to Wiley & Parker	\$15.00

W. S. PIERCE

1 J. Heifer to C. L. Pierce	\$29.00
1 Cow & calf to R. McGaughey	\$39.00

J. M. ADAMS

1 Jersey Cow to Cowherd	\$40.50
1 " " " " " "	\$25.00
1 Heifer to Wiley & Parker	\$39.00

C. S. COLEMAN

2 Steers to Wiley & Parker	\$112.00
1 Heifer " " " "	\$40.00

ALLEN OWEN

1 Cow to S. L. Cowherd	\$44.50
------------------------	---------

L. H. SMITHSON

1 Jersey Heifer to Gossett	\$22.50
1 " " " " " "	\$17.50
1 " " " " " "	\$21.00

JNO. C. GARY

1 Cow to McGaughey	\$35.00
1 Jersey Heifer to King	\$21.00
1 " " " " " "	\$21.00
1 " " " " " "	\$23.00

D. M. PIERCE

6 Steers to Edwards	\$360.00
1 Bull to G. H. Stowe	\$20.00

MAX MEYER

2 Steers to J. F. Dixon	\$60.00
\$2,590.50	

The sale was the 31st annual sale, not the 13th as the figures made us say in the last issue.

Wonderful Painting Here.

A number of people last night had the pleasure of seeing the sensational painting, "The Shadow of The Cross," now being shown here for the first time. This wonderful painting will be here all this week in one of the county office rooms for the benefit of the U. D. C., the hours will be from 3 till 5:30 p. m. and from 7 till 10 p. m. each day. Below follows a brief history of the painting.

HISTORY OF THE PAINTING.

The Shadow of The Cross was painted by Henry Hammond Ahl, who studied and painted in the art centers of the old world for many years, devoting his talents mainly to the genre subjects.

In September, 1896, he returned to America, his native land, and established his studio in a New England city, where for some time he painted principally portraits and landscapes.

Acting under the influence of friends, he turned his attention to religious subjects, and among others, commenced painting a full-length figure of Christ, his object being to produce an ideal portrait of the Christman.

At first he did not succeed in attaining his ideal and the canvas stood a source of trouble and vexation to him. Numerous visitors were received at his studio, among them a well-known lecturer on Biblical characters, who became intensely interested in this picture and tried to make the artist understand the appearance of Christ as revealed to him in a vivid dream.

All in vain, however, until one day the artist was suddenly impressed with the realization that he had at last conceived the idea sought after. Immediately rising, he painted the wonderful countenance of Christ which is seen in this painting.

Anxious to know what the lecturer would say about the change, he sent for him. On entering the studio the lecturer went into raptures over the picture, exclaiming: "Now you have painted Christ as I saw Him."

Not long afterwards the artist, having to go to his studio at night for sheets of some music, was astonished to discover, on entering, that this his picture could be distinctly seen in the dark, and that Christ appeared to be walking in pale moonlight, while above and behind could be seen a cross.

His first impression was that the moon was shining through an open window upon the picture, and that the cross was a shadow. On closer inspection he soon discovered that a strange phenomenon had taken place. As he had not thought of a cross in connection with this picture,

and had used only well known pigments, he soon realized that the strange quality of his picture was beyond his power to explain. He was so profoundly impressed that he refused to finish it, and the picture remains unfinished to this day.

BENNETT H. YOUNG

New Head of the United Confederate Veterans.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, elected commander of the United Confederate Veterans, fought during the civil war under the famous Confederate cavalry leader, Gen. John B. Morgan, and followed him on his raids into the heart of the northern country.

Born in 1843 in Jessamine county, Ky., Bennett Young is said to have lived up to the proud Kentucky accomplishment and boast of having learned to ride before he could walk. Leaving college as a youth, only 18 years old, he gave up his books for the saber of a Confederate trooper, and with the exception of the time he spent in northern prisons, served continuously until the close of the hostilities.

Since the war General Young has combined farming with the practice of law, as well as serving as a director of numerous banking, trust and insurance companies, also serving as chairman of the history committee of the united confederate Veterans, in which position he has published many original papers in connection with the Civil war.

General Young is by political preference a democrat, but has consistently declined political office. He is prominent in the Southern Presbyterian church, serving one term as moderator of the synod of Kentucky.

Coming from a family of slave holders, General Young has always been a staunch friend of the negro and much of his philanthropic work, both personal and in connection with church charity, has been devoted to this race. A year ago, when General Young was taken to a Baltimore hospital for an operation, special prayers for his speedy recovery were offered in many of the negro churches of Louisville.

General Young comes of fighting stock. His grandfather, John Young, was a revolutionary soldier and fought under General Greene in most of the campaigns in Virginia and the Carolinas. John Young was at the battle of Kings Mountain and his brother, Robert Young, killed General Ferguson, the British commander, in that fight.

On his mother's side, General Young is descended from Col. Joseph Crockett, a distinguished officer of the revolution who also served with General George Rogers Clark in the northwest.

Mrs. Hugh Wood and daughter, Ruby, have returned to Hawesville.



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KENTUCKY'S MILLION DOLLAR COMPANY

H. C. Peo, executive representative of Great Southern Fire Insurance company, of Louisville, is now at Hotel Latham. This company is incorporated under the laws of Kentucky. Capital \$1,000,000. An investment in the capital of this company is an absolutely safe one; legal requirements make it so. Officers of the company are: Hon. Augustus E. Wilson president; Wm. S. Montz, vice president; Wm. H. Cox, secretary-treasurer; Hill Spaulding, assistant secretary; Albert J. Heliker, manager. All the above and following gentlemen constitute the board of directors so far: Charles W.

Stoecker, James E. Gamble, Richard H. Edelen, of Louisville; John W. McCulloch, Owensboro; Dr. T. W. Blakey, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Several of Kentucky's most prominent men have already invested. Stock now going at ground floor price. See Mr. Peo at Hotel Latham for further particulars.

Christian County Boy.

Hunter Moss, of Louisville, a son of the late T. L. Moss, of this county, has been appointed as Chief Clerk in the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. The position to which he has been appointed is a good one, and pays a salary of \$1,200 per year.

WALL PAPER

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